THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE: No. 732 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1888. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 1

A THUNDER SHOWER.

BY E. H. M.

The leaden clouds come hastening on,
Gathering their forces as they fly;
The summer sun, that lately shone,
Is lost mid clouds now sailing by.

A vivid flash illumes the sky;
Large raindrops fall with pattering sound;
The elements hold revels high,
And echoing thunder tones resound.

At length 'tis o'er, the lightnings cease,
The clouds disperse and take their flight;
The sun looks out in smiles of peace,
Upon calm pools and foliage bright.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN the train drew up at the small station of Leyton Ferrers, which it did in the slowest and most lazy of fashions, two persons got out. One was a young girl who alighted from a third-class car, and who dragged out from under the seat a leather bag and a square parcel, instead of waiting for the porter, who was too much engaged in light and interesting conversation with the conductor, to pay any attention to such small cattle as passengers.

The other person was a young man, who sauntered out of a first-class car, with a cigar in his lips, and his soft traveling cap a little on one side, and with that air which individuals who have been lucky enough to be born with silver spoons in their mouths naturally acquire, or are endowed with. Standing on the platform as if it and the whole Great South-Northern Railway system belonged to him, this young gentleman at last caught sight of the porter.

"Hi, porter!" he called, and when the man came up, quickening his pace as he took in the tall, well-dressed figure of his summoner, the young man continued with a smile, "Sorry to tear you away from your bosom friend, my man, but there's a portmanteau of mine in the baggage-car, or should be."

The porter touched his hat and was going towards the car, when the young man called after him:

"See to that young lady first," indicating with a slight nod the young girl, who was struggling with the bag and parcel.

Somewhat surprised at this display of unselfishness, the porter turned like a machine, and addressed the girl; the young man sauntered down the platform, and leaning over the fence, surveyed the June roses in the station-master's garden with an indolent and good-tempered patience.

"Any luggage, miss?" asked the porter.

"No, nothing but these," said the girl, looking round. "Here is the ticket. Can you tell me how far Leyton Court is from the station?"

"Little better than two miles and a half," replied the porter.

"Two miles and a half, that means three miles," said the girl, and she looked enquiringly at the road and across the fields, over which the dying sun was sending a warm, rich crimson.

"Yes, miss. Will you have a cab? There is one outside," he added, with a touch of impatience.

It seemed highly improbable that more than twopence—at most—could proceed from his present job, while sixpence or a shilling, no doubt, awaited him from the aristocratic young gentleman still lounging over the garden fence. The girl thought a moment, then, with the faintest flush, said:

"No, thank you. I will leave my luggage—there will be something, some cart ——"

"Carrier's cart goes to the Court every evening," broke in the porter.

He seized the bag and parcel, and dropping them into a corner with that sublime indifference to the safety of other people's goods which only a railway porter can adequately display, hurried off to the other passenger.

The young girl went with a light step down the station stairs, and having reached the road, stopped.

"How stupid of me!" she said. "I ought to have asked the way."

She was turning back to worry the porter once more when she saw a finger-post, upon which was written, "To Leyton Court," and, with a little sigh of relief, she went down the road indicated.

Meanwhile the porter had got the portmanteau, and stood awaiting the passenger's pleasure.

After a minute or two, and in the most leisurely fashion possible, the young man turned to him.

"Got the bag? All right. I'm going to Leyton Court. Is there anything here can take me?"

The porter touched his cap.

"There's a cab, sir," he said, nodding towards the road, where a shambling kind of vehicle on its last wheels, attached to a horse on its last legs, stood expectantly.

The young man surveyed the turn-out and laughed.

"All right; take the bag down to it. Wait! here's a drink for you. By-the-way, where can I get one for myself? No inn or anything here?"

"No, sir, nothing," said the porter, with almost pathetic sadness. "Nearest is at Parrook's Cross, a mile and a half on the road."

"Then I shall have to remain thirsty till I get to Parrook's Cross," said the young man, with an easy smile. "Do you think your horse can get as far as that, my friend," he added to the driver.

The man grunted, mounted the box, and the Noah's ark rattled slowly away.

The young man lit another cigar, put up his feet on the opposite cushions, and surveyed the scenery, through eyes half closedin perfect contentment, good humor, and indolent laziness. Presently they came abreast of the young girl, who was stepping along with the graceful gait which belongs to youth, and health, and good breeding.

"Now, I wonder where she is going?" he said to himself, as he looked at her. "If she were a man now, I would give her a lift; as it is—By George! she's pretty though. Pretty? She's lovely! I wonder whether she'd take the cab from me, and let me tramp it instead of her? Don't dare ask her! I know what she'd do—give me a look that would make me wish I were fifty miles under the sea, and not say a word! What a stupid world it is!"

And with this reflection as a kind of consolation, he made himself a little more comfortable, and closed his eyes completely.

It was a lovely evening. Some days in June, as we miserable humans know only too well, are delusions and snares, cold as October or wet as April, but it was late in the month and really summer weather; and as the girl walked along the smooth path, which a shower had made pleasant, the trees shone in all their mid-summer beauty; the birds sang their evening hymns; the flowers loaded the air with perfume.

It is good to be a girl, it is good to be young, it is good to be beautiful, but it is best of all to be innocent and happy, and she was all these. To save her life she could not help singing softly as she walked through all the splendor of this summer evening, and so she joined the birds in their evening hymn to the tune of "Oh, Mistress Mine!" stopping now and again to gather a spray of honeysuckle or a particularly fine dog-rose, of which the hedges were full.

The cab rattled on its way and came in due time to Parrock's Cross; and the horse, no doubt with a sigh of relief, pulled up of its own accord opposite the door of the village inn.

The young man woke up—if he had really been asleep—jumped out and sauntered into the inn.

"Give the man what he likes, and me a bottle of Bass," he said to the landlord, and he threw himself down on the rustic seat outside the door.

The landlord brought the ale, and the young man took a long draught.

"That's very good ale," he said nodding. "Get another bottle for yourself. How many miles is it to Leyton Court?"

"Not more than a mile, sir," said the landlord.

"Is that all? Look here, then; I shall walk it. That contrivance reminds me too forcibly of a hearse; besides, I want to stretch my legs. Tell the man to take the bag on. Here's five shillings for him."

"The fare's half-a crown from the station, sir," said the landlord.

The gentleman laughed lazily.

"All right. Tell him to put the other two-and-six in the poor-box."

The landlord laughed respectfully, and the young man, left alone, leaned back on the seat and drank his ale in indolent content. Presently the girl passed on the other side of the road.

"Hullo!—there she is again!" he said. "I wonder where she is going? I daresay she's thirsty. It's a pity she isn't a man, for I could ask her to have a drink. Do you know that young lady, landlord?" he asked.

The man shaded his eyes and looked after the girl.

"No, sir," he said. "No. The lady's a stranger to me, sir; a perfect stranger."

The young man smoked his cigar, and watched the graceful figure going down the road in the twilight with a touch of interest on his handsome face. He seemed in no hurry to pursue his journey, by any means; and when he rose, he yawned and stretched himself.

"Could you give me a bed here to-night, landlord?" he asked.

The man eyed the ground doubtfully.

"We're plain people, sir——" he commenced.

"I like plain people," broke in the young man with a laugh, the music of which never failed to call up an answering smile on the faces of those who heard it. "I don't mind roughing it; I'm used to it. I'm not sure that I shall want one; but if I should——"

"We'll do our best to make you comfortable, sir," said the landlord.

"Right!" exclaimed the young man, carelessly. "Well, don't be surprised if you see me back in—say a couple of hours. Straight on to the Court, I suppose?"

"Straight on, sir," and swinging his stick with a happy-go-luck air, the young man started off.

Slowly as he walked, his long steps soon overtook the young girl, and he passed her again, as she was standing on tip-toe to get a flower from the hedge. He half stopped with the evident intention of reaching the blossom, which reared itself tantalizingly just beyond her reach, but he thought, "she won't like it perhaps: think I want to intrude myself upon her," and walked on. She had not turned her head.

Probably the loveliness of the evening had the same effect upon him as it had upon her, for when he had got out of her hearing he began to sing, for, you see, he was young and handsome, in good health, and—I was going to say innocent, but pulled up in time.

In a quarter of an hour the road grew wider, and opened out on to a village green. Two or three houses were dotted about it, and an inn with the sign of the "Ferrers Arms" swinging on a post. A little further on stood a pair of huge iron gates, with a lodge at the side of them.

"That's the Court, I suppose," he said to himself. "Now for the tug of war! Lord, how I wish myself back in London!" and he flicked his cap on to the back of his head and laughed ruefully.

Some children were playing on the green and two or three men lounged on the outside of the inn. Suddenly one of them rose, just as the young man came abreast of the door, and as he made way for the man to pass, a dog ran from the inn and caused the man to stumble. The fellow uttered an oath and raised his heavily-booted foot. The kick struck the dog in the side, and with a howl of pain he fled behind the young man.

Now a moment before his face had been a picture of indolent good temper, but at the kick and the howl his face changed. The lips grew set, the eyes stern and fierce. He was not a good man—alas! alas! it will be seen he was a thousand miles removed from that—but his heart was tender as a woman's, and he loved dumb animals—dogs and horses in particular—with that love of which only a strong, healthy young man is capable.

"You brute!" he said, not loudly, but with an intense emphasis, which caused the man to pull up and stare at him with an astonished scowl.

"Did you speak to me, guv'nor," he growled.

He was a tall, wiry-looking ruffian, and his voice seemed to proceed from the bottom of his chest, and the glance he shot at the speaker came from a pair of evil-looking eyes, deeply sunk beneath thick and black brows.

"I did," said the young man curtly; "I called you a brute!" and he stooped and comforted the dog.

"Can't I kick my own dawg?" he demanded, with a most atrocious attempt at a sneer.

"Not when I am near," said the young man, quite calmly, but meeting the glare of the evil eyes with a steady firmness.

"Oh, I can't, can't I?" retorted the man. "You get out of the way and I'll show you, curse you!"

The young man stepped aside, apparently to leave the dog exposed to the threatened assault, but as the man lifted his foot the young fellow thrust his own forward, and launching out with his left hand, dealt the man a blow that sent him a mass of arms and legs against the doorway.

The dog fled, the group of idlers who had remained seated, listening to the colloquy, sprang up and drew near, exchanging glances and staring at the pair.

The young fellow stood in the easiest of attitudes, with something like a smile on his lips, for the man's attitude of complete astonishment as he leaned against the doorway was rather comical.

"That was a good 'un," cautiously whispered one of the men, looking at the young fellow admiringly. "'Tain't often Jem Pyke gets it like that, are it?"

The man called Pyke pulled himself to-

gether, and stretching himself, glared round him; then his eyes rested on the young fellow, and he seemed to remember.

With an oath he made ready for a spring, but the young fellow raised his hand.

"Wait a minute, my friend," he said almost pleasantly. "If you are anxious for a fight, say so, and let us have it comfortably. I haven't the slightest objection myself."

"Curse you, I'll—I'll kill you!" gasped the man.

The young fellow laughed.

"I don't think you will, my friend. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, I really am; but if you'd like to try——"

He threw his cigar away, and taking off his light shooting jacket he tossed it on to the settee.

As he did so his back was turned to the road along which he had come, and he did not see the young girl, who had been near enough to witness the scene from its commencement, and was now kneeling down by the dog murmuring womanly words of pity and sympathy.

"Let the gentleman alone, Jem," said one of the men. "'Twas all your fault. What did you want to go and kick the dawg for? Beg the gentleman's pardon, and go and get your beer."

For all response Jem commenced to turn up his sleeves. Two or three of the men got between them, but the young fellow waved them aside.

"Don't interfere, my men," he said pleasantly. "Your friend is dying for a fight, I can see, and a little exercise will give me an appetite. Just stand back, will you?"

The next instant Pyke rushed at him, and the first blows were delivered.

The girl heard the sound of them, and with a cry of fear and horror, started as if to run across to them, but her heart failed her, and she shrank back against the hedge, looking on with hands clasped, and her face white and terrified.

The man Pyke was a giant in length and strength, but he was in a rage, and no man who is in a rage can fight well.

The young fellow, on the other hand, was now in the best of humors, and thoroughly enjoying himself, and he parried the furious onslaught of his opponent as easily as if he were having a set-to in a gymnasium. The blows grew quicker and smarter, one from the young man had reached Pyke's face, and had cooled him a little.

He saw that if he meant to win he must play more cautiously, and drawing back a little, he began again, with something like calculation. Like the blows of a sledge-hammer his fists fell upon the chest of the young fellow, one struck him upon the lip and the blood started.

With a smile the young man seemed to think that it was time to end the little drama, and planting his left foot firmly forward, he delivered one blow straight from the shoulder.

It fell upon the bully's forehead with a fearful crash, and the same instant, as it seemed, he staggered and fell full length to the ground. A murmur of consternation and admiration, for the blow had really been a skilful one, arose from the group of onlookers, and they crowded round the prostrate man.

"Dang me, if I don't think he's killed 'im!" exclaimed the hostler, lifting Jem Pyke's head on his knee.

"What do you say?" said the young fellow, and pushing them aside he bent down and examined his late foe. "No, he's not dead. See, he's coming to already. Get some water, one of you—better still, some brandy. That's it. There you are!" he added cheerfully, as Pyke opened his eyes and struggled to his feet. "How are you? You should have countered that last shot of mine, don't you know. You don't box badly, a little wild perhaps, but then you were wild, weren't you? and that is always a mistake. Well, one of us was bound to win, and there's no harm done, though you've got a bump or two, and"—putting his hand to his own face—"my figurehead isn't improved. There," and under the pretense of shaking the man's hand, he slipped half a sovereign into the wiry palm. "go get yourself a drink—and good-morning!"

And with a laugh and a nod he was striding across the road, when, seeing the pump at the head of the horse-trough, he called to a boy to work the handle, and with his pocket-handkerchief washed his face and head, coming out of the impromptu bath with his short chestnut hair all shining like a Greek god's.

Then he strolled across the road and—for the first time became aware that the young girl from the station had been a spectator of the scene.

He pulled up short within a few paces of her and the two stood and looked at each other. She had the dog in her arms, and on her face and in her eyes was an expression which baffles my powers of description.

It was not fright, nor disgust, nor admiration, nor scorn, but a little of each skilfully and most perplexedly mingled.

Women hate fighting, when it is inconveniently near to them; on the other hand they love courage, because they have so little of it themselves, and they adore a man who will stand up in defence of one of themselves or a dumb animal.

The girl had longed to turn and fly at the first sight and sound of the awful blows, but she could not: a horrible fascination kept her chained to the spot, and even when the fray was over she still stood trembling and palpitating, her color coming and going in turns, her arms quite squeezing the dog in her excitement and emotion.

The young man looked at her, took in the oval face, with its dark, eloquent eyes, and sweet, tremulous lips, the tall, graceful figure, even the plain blue serge, which seemed so part and parcel of that figure; then his glance dropped awkwardly, and he said shamefacedly:

"I beg your pardon; I didn't know you were looking on."

The girl drew a long breath.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she said sternly, with a little catch in her voice.

He raised his eyes a moment—they were handsome, and, if the truth must be told, dare-devil eyes—then dropped them once more.

"It—it is shameful," she went on, her lovely face growing carmine, her eyes flashing resentingly, "for two men to fight like—like dogs; and one a gentleman!"

He looked rather bewildered, as if this view of the proceedings was something entirely novel.

"Oh, come, you know," he said deprecatingly, "there isn't much harm done."

"Not much! I saw you knock him down as if—as if he were dead!" she said indignantly. "And you—oh! look at your face!" and she turned her eyes away.

As this was an impossibility he did the next best thing to it, and put his hand to his cheek and lips.

"I don't think he's hurt much," he said excusingly, "and I'm not a bit. I think we rather enjoyed it—I know I did," he added, half inaudibly, and with the beginning of a laugh which was smitten dead as she said, with the air of a judge:

"You must be a savage!"

"I—I think I am," he assented, with a rueful air of conviction. "But all the same I'm sorry you were here! If I'd known there was a lady looking on I'd have put it off! I'm afraid you've been upset; but don't worry yourself about either of us! Our long-legged friend will be all the better for a little shaking up, and as for me—The dog isn't hurt is he?"

"I—I don't know," she said.

He came a little nearer and took the dog from her, noticing that in extending it to him she shrank back, as if his touch would pollute he.

"No; he's all right!" he said, after turning the animal over, and setting him on his legs. "He ought to have some of his ribs broken, but he hasn't! I'm glad of that, poor little beggar," and for the first time his voice softened.

The girl looked at him with grave displeasure.

"I am afraid he is the best Christian of the three," she said severely.

"By George, I shouldn't wonder!" he said with a ghost of a smile.

She gave him another glance, and then, without a word, raised her head loftily and passed on.

He lifted his hat and looked after her, then tugged at his moustache thoughtfully.

"So I'm a savage, am I?" he said. "Well, I expect she's about right! What a beautiful girl! I'm a savage! By George, the old man will say the same if I present myself with this highly-colored physiognomy! I'd better go back to the inn and turn up later on."

As he stood hesitating the fly crawled up with the bag, the man had pulled up within view of the fight, and had enjoyed it thoroughly.

"Here, wait! I'll go back with you! I've decided to stay at your place for the night," said the young fellow, and he jumped in.

"Not hurt, I hope sir?" said the man, as he turned the horse. "It was a right down good fight, sir; it was, indeed!"

"Not a bit! There, hurry up that four-legged skeleton of yours! I'm as hungry as a—a—savage," he concluded, as if by a happy inspiration and throwing himself along the cushions he laughed heartily, but rather uneasily.

CHAPTER II.

THE girl, without looking behind her, or vouchsafing even a glance of farewell, walked on until she reached the great iron gate.

There she rang the bell which hung like a hugh iron tear, within reach of her hand, and on the lodge keeper coming out, inquired if Mrs. Hale was in.

"Mrs. Hale? Yes, miss; she is up at the house," said the woman. "You are Miss Margaret, I expect?"

"Yes," said the girl, "my name is Margaret. I am Mrs. Hale's granddaughter."

"She has been expecting you, miss. Keep along the avenue and you'll come to a small gate and see the Court. There are sure to be some of the servants about, and they'll tell you whereabouts Mrs. Hale's rooms are."

The great gate swung heavily back, and Margaret passed through.

The avenue wound in about for nearly half a mile, and she was thinking that she should never get to the end of it, when at a sudden turn a sight broke upon her which caused her to stop in sudden astonishment.

As if it had sprung from the ground, raised by a magician's wand rose Leyton Court.

You can buy any number of photographs of it, and are no doubt quite familiar with its long stretching pile of red bricks and white facings; but Margaret had seen neither the place nor any views of it, and the vision of grandeur and beauty took her breath away.

Far down the line of sight the facade stretched, wing upon wing, all glowing a dusky red veiled by ivy and Virginian creeper, and sparkling here and there as the sunset rays shone on the diamond lattice windows.

The most intense silence reigned over the whole; not a human being was in sight, and the girl was quite startled when a peacock, which had been strutting across the lawn that looked like velvet, spread its tail and uttered a shrill shriek.

The size and grandeur of the place awed her, and she stood uncertain which direction to take, when a maidservant, with a pleasant face and a shy smile, came hurriedly through a wicket set in a close-cut box hedge, and said:

"Are you Miss Margaret, please?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Mrs. Hale sent me to meet you, miss. This way please."

And with a smile of welcome, the maid led her through a narrow alley of greenery into a court yard, which seemed to belong to a wing of the great house.

An old fountain splashed in the centre, and all around were beds of bright flowers, which filled the air with color and perfume. Up the old red walls also climbed bule clematis and honey-suckle, through which the windows glistened like diamonds.

Margaret looked around her and drew her breath almost in pain.

"Oh, what a lovely place!" she murmured involuntarily.

The servant looked pleased.

"It is pretty, isn't it, miss?" she assented. "Of course it isn't the grand part of the Court, but I think that it's as beautiful as any part of the terrace or the Italian gardens."

"Nothing could be more lovely than this!" said Margaret.

Then she uttered a low cry of loving greeting, and, running forward, threw her arms around an old lady, who, hearing her voice, had come to the open doorway.;

"Why Margaret—Madge!" said the old lady tremulously, as she pressed the girl to her bosom, then held her at arm's length that she might look into her face. "Why, my dear, my dear! Why, how you've grown! Is this my little Margaret?—my little pale-faced Madge, who was no taller than the table, and all legs and wings?" and leading the girl into a bright little parlor, she sank into a chair, and holding her by the hands, and looked her over with that loving admiration of which only a mother or a grandmother can be capable; and the old lady was justified, for the girl, as she stood, slightly leaning forward with a flush on her face and her eyes glowing with affection and emotion, presented a picture beautiful enough to melt the heart of an anchorite.

"Yes, it is I, grandma," she said, half laughing, half crying. "And you think I have grown?"

"Grown! My dear, when I saw you last you were a child, you are a woman now, and a very"—"beautiful" she was going to say, but stopped short—"a very passable young woman too! I can scarcely believe my eyes! My little madcap Madge!"

"Oh, not madcap any longer, grandma dear," said the girl, sinking on her knees and taking off her hat, that she might lean her head comfortably on the old lady's bosom, "not wild madcap now, you know. I am Miss Margaret Hale, of the School of Art, and a silver medalist," and she laughed with sparkling eyes, which rather indicated that there was something of the wildness left, notwithstanding her dignity.

"Dear, dear me!" exclaimed the old lady. "Such a grand young lady! You must tell all about it. But there, what am I thinking of? You must be tired—how did you come from the station, dear?"

"I walked," said the girl.

"Walked! Why didn't you take a cab, child?"

The girl colored slightly.

"Oh, it was a lovely evening and I was tired of sitting so long, and—and—cabs are for rich people you know, grandma," she said laughingly, "and although I am a silver medallist, I am not a millionaire yet! But indeed," she added quickly, "I enjoyed the walk amazingly, it is such a lovely country, and my things are coming on by the carrier, and now I'll go and wash some of the dust and smut away, and come back and tell you—oh, everything."

The old lady called the maid, and the girl, still shyly, led Margaret to a dainty little room which overlooked the flowered court, which filled it with the odors of the clematis, honeysuckle, and sweetbriar.

Margaret went to the window, and leaning over, drew in a long breath of the perfumed air.

"Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" she murmured. "Ah! you should have lived in London for five years to appreciate this lovely place. Mary—is you name Mary?"

The maid blushed.

"Why, yes, miss! Did you guess it?" she replied, almost awed by the cleverness of this tall, lovely young creature from London.

Margaret laughed.

"Most nice girls are called Mary," she said; "and I am sure you are nice."

The girl blushed again, but, rendered speechless with pleasure could only stare at her shyly, and run from the room.

When Margaret came down she seemed to the old lady that she was more beautiful than before, with her bright, soft hair brushed from her oval face, and her slim, undulating figure revealed by the absence of the traveling jacket.

Tea was on the table and a hugh bowl of Gloire roses, and the whole room looked the picture af comfort and elegance.

"Now tell me all about it," said Mrs. Hale, when the girl had got seated in a low chair beside the window, with her teacup and bread and butter. "And you are quite a famous personage, Margaret, are you?"

The girl laughed, a soft, low laugh of innocent happiness.

"Not famous, dear," she said, "a very long way from the top of the tree; but I've been very lucky in getting one of my pictures into the Academy, and gaining the silver medal, and what is better than all my picture is sold."

This seemed to surprise the unsophisticated old lady more than all the rest.

"Dear, dear me!" she mused. "Who ever would have thought little wild Madge would become an artist and paint pictures ——"

"And sell them, too," laughed the girl.

"How proud your poor father would have been if he lived," added Mrs. Hale with a sigh.

A swift shadow crossed the girl's lovely face, and there was a silence for a moment.

"And you are quite happy, Madge? The life suits you?"

"Yes, quite, dear; oh, quite. Of course it is hard work. I paint all day while there is light enough, and I read books on art—I was going to say all night," and she smiled. "Then there are the schools and lectures—oh! it is a very pleasant life when one is so fond of art as I am."

"And you don't feel lonely with no kith or kin near you?"

"No," she said. "Three of us girls lodge together a little way from the schools, and so it is not lonely, and the lady who looks after the house—and us, of course—is pleasant and ladylike. Oh, no, it is not lonely, but"—her eyes softened—"but I am glad to come down and see you, grandma—I can't tell you how glad!" and she stretched out her long, white, shapely hand—the artist's hand—so that the old lady could take it and fondle it.

"Yes, my dear," she said, "And I can't tell you how glad I am to have you. It seems ages instead of five years since we

parted in London and I came down here as housekeeper to the earl—ages! And the change will do you good; I think you want a little country air; you're looking a trifle pale now that you have settled down a bit."

"It's only the London color," said the girl smiling. "Nobody carries many roses on her cheeks in London. What lovely ones those are on the table, and what cream! How the girls would stare if they saw and tasted it. You know we drink chalk and water in London, grandma."

"Bless my soul!" cried the old lady.

"They carry it round in cans and call it milk, but it is chalk and water all the same," she said laughingly. "And now, dear, you must tell me all about yourself—why, we have done nothing but talk about foolish me, since I came! Are you quite happy, grandma, and do you like being housekeeper to a grand earl?"

"Very much, my dear," said the old lady, with a touch of dignity. "It is a most important and responsible post," and she stroked the smooth white hand she still held.

"I should think so," said Margaret, with quick sympathy. "Keeping any kind of house must be a tremendous affair, but keeping such an enormous place as this—why, grandma, it is like a town, there seems no end to it!"

The old lady nodded proudly.

"Yes, Leyton Court is a very grand place, my dear," she assented. "I suppose it's one of the grandest, if not the grandest, in the country. You shall go over it some day when the earl is away."

"The earl, yes," said Margaret. "It was very kind of him to let me come."

Mrs. Hale tossed her head.

"Oh, my dear, he knows nothing about it!" she said. "Bless me, the earl is too great a person to know anything about the goings on of such humble individuals as you and me. I am my own mistress in my own apartments, my dear, and quite at liberty to have my own granddaughter stay with me."

"Of course," said the girl quickly. "And is he nice?—the earl, I mean."

"Nice!" repeated the old lady, as if there were something disrespectful in the word. "Well, 'nice' is scarcely the word—I've only seen him half-a-dozen times since I came, so I can't say what he's like; but he was very pleasant then—in his way, my dear."

Margaret opened her eyes.

"Not half-a-dozen times in five years? Then he doesn't live here always?"

"Not always. He is in Spain or Ireland some parts of the year, but he lives at the Court during most of the summer. You see, my dear, great folks like the Earl of Ferrers keep to themselves more than humble people. The earl has his own apartments—you can see them from the drive; they run along the terrace—and his own particular servants. Excepting Mr. Stibbings, the butler, and Mr. Larkhall, his valet, and the footman, none of us see anything of his lordship."

"He is quite like a king, then?" said the girl musingly.

"Quite," assented the old lady approving; "quite like king, as you say; and everybody in Leyton Ferrers regards him as one. Why, the Queen herself couldn't be more looked up to or feared!"

The girl pondered over this. You don't meet many earls and dukes in the National Art Schools, and this one possessed an atmosphere of novelty for Margaret.

"And does he live here all alone?" she asked.

"All alone; yes."

"In this great place? How lonely he must be!"

"No, my dear," said the old lady. "Great people are never lonely; they are quite—quite different to us humble folks."

Margaret smiled to herself at the naive assertion.

"I thought he would have had some relations to live with him. Hasn't he any sons—children?"

Mrs. Hale shook her head.

"No, no children! There was a son, but he died! There is a nephew, Lord Blair Leyton, but he and the earl don't agree, and he has never been here, though, of course, he will come into the property when his uncle dies, which won't be for many a long year, I hope."

"Blair Leyton; and he's a lord too——"

"A viscount," said the old lady. "I don't like to speak ill of a gentleman, especially one I don't know, but I am afraid his young lordship is—is—" she looked round for a word—"is a very wicked young man, my dear."

"How do you know?" asked Margaret, nestling into the comfortable chair to listen at her ease.

"Well, Mr. Stibbings has spoken of him. Mr. Stibbings—a perfect gentleman, my dear—is good enough to drop in and take a cup of tea sometimes, and he has told me about young Lord Blair! You see, he has been in the family a good many years, and knows all its history. He says that the earl and the young nephew never did get on together, and that the young man is, oh, very wild indeed, my dear! The earl and he have only met two or three times, and then they quarrelled—quarrelled dreadfully. I daresay the earl feels the loss of his son, and that makes it hard for him to get on with Lord Blair. But he is really a very wicked young man, I am sorry to say."

"What does he do?" asked Margaret.

The old lady seemed rather puzzled how to describe a young man's wickedness to an innocent girl.

"Well, my dear, it would be easier, perhaps, to say what he doesn't do!" she said at last.

Margaret laughed softly.

"Poor young man," she said gently. "It must be bad to be so wicked!"

The old lady shook her head severely.

"I don't know why you pity him, my dear," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl slowly. "Perhaps some people can't help being bad you know grandma! Oh, here are my things coming! Now I can show you one of my pictures!" and she jumped up gleefully, and commenced unfastening the brown-paper parcel. "I did think of carrying it, but I am glad I didn't, for it was warm, and I met with an unpleasant adventure on the road when the parcel might have been in the way—oh, I didn't tell you, grandma—I saw such a terrible fight—a *fight*, think of it—as I came here!"

"A fight, my dear?" exclaimed the old lady.

"Yes," nodded Margaret. "Between two men, and what made it worse, one was a gentleman."

"A gentleman, Margaret! Gentlemen do not fight, my dear!"

"So I thought," she said naively. "But this one does anyway. And fights very well," she added. "At least he knocked the other one down—a great tall fellow—as if he had been shot."

"Bless my heart! Where was this?"

"Oh! just in the village here. The man—he was an ill-tempered fellow, I'm sure, with such a dreadful face—kicked a poor dog, and the gentleman who was near fought him for it."

"Good gracious me! And, of course, you ran away?"

The girl laughed rather strangely.

"No, I didn't, grandma. I ought to have done so, but—well I didn't. I wish I had, for the creature had the impudence to speak to me!"

"What—the man?" aghast.

"The gentleman. He came across the road and begged my pardon. I'd got the poor dog in my arms you see, and I suppose—well, I don't know why he spoke, but perhaps it was because being a gentleman, he felt ashamed of himself. If he didnt at first, I think he did when he went away," she added, with a laugh, and a blush, as she remembered the words that had flown like darts of fire from her lips. "Oh, it was shameful! His face was cut and there was blood"—she shuddered—"on his collar. He was a very handsome young man, too. I wonder who he was? Did I tell you he came down by the same train as I did?"

Mrs. Hale shook her head.

"No one I know, my dear," she said. "None of the gentry hereabouts will fight with any one, least of all a common man. A tall man, with an ugly face——"

"Oh, very ugly and evil looking—I think they called him Pyke."

"Pyke—Jem Pyke!" said Mrs. Hale. "Oh, I know him; a dreadful bad character my dear. I'm not surprised at his kicking a dog, or fighting either. He's one of our worst men—a poacher and a thief, so they say. I wonder he didn't get the best of it!"

"He got the very possible worst of it," said Margaret with an unconscious tone of satisfaction. "There's the picture, grandma! And where will you hang it?"

It was a clever little picture; a bit of a London street, faithfully and carefully painted, and instinct with grace and feeling.

The old lady of course did not see all its points, but she was none the less proud and delighted, and stood regarding it with admiring awe that rendered her speechless.

"You dear, clever girl," she said, kissing her, "and it is for me, really for me?" Oh Margaret, if your poor father——!"

Margaret sighed.

"Get me a hammer and a nail, grandma," she said, after a moment, "and I'll put it in a good light; the light is everything, you know."

A hammer and nail were brought and the picture hung, and they went out into the garden, and presently the girl was singing like a nightingale from her overbrimming heart.

But suddenly she stopped and looked into the room where the old lady had returned to see to the unpacking and uncasing of the clothes which had travelled in the unpretending Gladstone bag.

"Oh, grandma, I beg your pardon! I forgot! Perhaps the earl won't like my singing?"

Mrs. Hale laughed.

"The earl! My dear he is right at the other end of the building and could scarcely hear a brass band from here! But come now, Margaret and have some supper. You must go to bed early after your long journey, or you won't sow the seed early for those roses I want to see in your pretty cheeks!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW AMERICA WAS NAMED.—The witty Irishwoman who acquiesced in the statement that she was not an American by saying that she "understood that the real ones were red," was not far astray in her opinion.

In a recently published work on the "Discovery of the Origin of the Name of America," it is conclusively shown that, not only were the red men the original Americans, but that they also called themselves by that name.

For nearly four hundred years the civilized world has held to the belief that the name of the new world was bestowed in honor of an impostor, the Florentine pilot, Amerigo Vespucci. The investigations of this author seem to relieve Vespucci of any share in the appropriation of another's fame.

The similarity between his Christian name and the aboriginal name of the continent led to the blunder on the part of those who confounded the two words, and from that blunder followed the crime of claiming for him the honors of a discoverer.

It was Charles I., King of Spain, who was also Charles V., Emperor of Germany, that gave the name America to the New World, instructing his cartographer, Gerard Mercator, to write the name over the entire Southern Continent, in honor of its discoverer, "the late vice-King and Lord High Admiral Don Christopher Columbus."

America, or "Amaraca" as it was originally written, was the rich country now known as Peru and adjacent States. The derivation of the word is from "amaru," which was the name of the cross, the emblem of life and sanctity, and "ca," meaning land. "Amaraca" was the "holy country," ruled by the Incas, at once its high priests and kings, who were solemnly invested with the sacred "amaru" on being initiated as children of the sun.

The national name appears on the early charts of the country under various forms, "Amarasca," "Amarca," "Tamaraqua," etc., with prefixes as "Cax-Amaraca," "And-Amaraca," etc., and survives to the present day in the Venezuelan "Maracaibo."

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.—To support the idea that mothers-in-law have never been favorably regarded, ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face of his mother-in-law after he is once married, prevails among numerous savage peoples apparently widely sundered by geographical distribution and differences of race.

The custom obtains among the Caffres of South Africa, among several Australian tribes, and among many Polynesians—a fact which some people assume to point to a common origin of these races, but which others look upon as testimony of the existence of a natural law, as a piece of wisdom indigenous to each of these countries, and the direct growth of individual experience.

The custom being found in such widely separated continents as Africa and Australia is considered as proving that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of human nature, and reasons are not wanting to show why savages discovered it was better for a man not to look upon his mother-in-law—primarily, say the supporters of this theory, because his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation of what his wife was likely to be.

Before marriage a man's mind may not be open to the cold processes of comparisons, but afterwards he begins to consider what sort of a bargain he has made; and if his mother-in-law has not improved with age, the ghostly possibility of his wife becoming like her rises before him.

Bric-a-Brac.

"A" AND "E".—Covarruvias, a queer old Latin writer, after others of his school, discovered that when the male children are born they cry out with an A, being the first vowel of the word Adam, while the the female infants prefer the letter E, in allusion to Eve; and we may add that, by the pinch of a negligent nurse, they may probably learn all their vowels.

A FIRE WITH ICE.—A very popular legend of St. Patrick, the Patron Saint of Ireland, who found his way to the Emerald Isle about the year 380 A.D., tells that he and his followers one cold morning found themselves on a mountain without a fire to cook their breakfast or warm their partly frozen fingers. The Saint, taking no notice whatever of their complaints or of the absence of combustible materials, desired his followers to collect a pile of ice and snowballs, which they having done, he breathed upon the mass, and forthwith it became a pleasant fire.

SUPERSTITIOUS:—In some parts there is a superstition that if you put on your right stocking, right shoe, and right trousers leg before the left you will never have toothache. To put a double nut in your pocket, to pare your finger-nails and toe-nails and wrap the parings in a paper, also are charms against the toothache. In other parts there is a custom of calling the toothache the "love pain," for which the sufferer is not entitled to any commiseration; whether he or she fully consents to this may perhaps be doubted.

A WILY MERCHANT.—A New York merchant, whose life was made miserable by visits of travelling salesman, has invented a scheme for out manœuvring the fraternity. At his store door, under a big hand which points up a carpeted stairway, is the legend: "Entrance for salesmen." The stairs wind, but the way for drummers is pointed out by another hand at the head of the stairs. The salesman who follows its mute direction is presently confronted by two more. One points down a stairway and the other points out into the street.

THE BREASTPIN.—Ladies will perhaps be astonished to learn the name of the trinket fastening for the collar or necktie originally signified a spit for roasting meat. Bacon says of Simuel, who had been proclaimed King of Ireland, but had been taken prisoner, "He was taken into service to a base office in his—the king's—kitchen; so that he had turned a *broach* that had worn a crown."—Henry VII. This use of the word became extended so as to include anything pointed in the same manner as a spit. The plain pointed pin that fastened a lady's dress was said to *broache* it. In time those fastenings were made ornamental, and the spelling modernized into brooch.

"THE UPPER CRUST."—The origin of "upper crust," used as a slang term for the higher ranks of society appears to be as follows:—Long ago the upper crust of a loaf of bread was the orthodox part to place before distinguished visitors. In Wynkyn de Worde's "Boke of Keruinge"—carving—are these directions:— "Than take a lofe in your lyfte hande, and pare ye lofe rounde aboute; then cut the ouer cruste to your souerayne, and cut the nether crust, and voyde the parynge, and touch the lofe no more after it is so serued." In Mr. Furnevall's Olden Time" some ancient directions are quoted, *e.g* :—First pare the quarters of the lofe round all about, than kutte the upper crust for your souerayne—sovereign—and to him alowt."

A PLUCKY BIRD.—The kingbird of the United States is a plucky little fellow. He has a great objection to birds of prey and feathered bullies in general. When therefore he sees a hawk or an eagle within measurable distance of his family, he boldly sallies forth to assail it, and usually succeeds in driving it away. He knows a trick or two that he turns to good account in these encounters. For example, he will skillfully contrive to seat himself on the back of the bird he is attacking, and from this safe quarter he will deliver his blows vigorously and often. In short, it is this pertinacity of his which makes bigger and stronger birds avoid him, rather than be exposed to the worry and torment of his vigilant and shifty method of assault. He goes out of his way to meet all birds likely to come near with hostile intent; as a rule he returns the conqueror. He either actually fights and defeats his adversary or he beats it off.

THE more our animal nature is curbed and restrained, the greater becomes the soul's supremacy over it.

WOULD YOU FORGET?

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Suppose Oblivion's swelling tide came drifting past your door,
That you could dip into its flood—forget what's gone before,
That you could drown in its vast depths, the years you used to know
With all the gifts they brought to you, of sorrow, joy or woe—

Would you to lose the memory of some unhappy time,
Forego the blessedness it is, to dream of bliss sublime?
Would you, to save yourself some pangs that recollection brings,
Contented be to never hear the swish of dead joy's wings?

Nay—if in all the years that lie back of the present's reign,
There came to you some touch of love, that carried in its train
A million different miseries and passionate regrets,
You'd scorn to seek the dull release the soul from Lethe gets.

The Rose and Thorn

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BITTER RECKONING," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," "ONLY ONE LOVE,"

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Colonel de Briant booked his stall to hear the new prima donna, the second night after his return from his long American tour, he had not the least idea who it was that he was going to listen to; and, though he was struck with the likeness on Lucia's first entrance, it never occurred to him that Mdlle. Fernande and Dandie Gaspard were one and the same, until he saw the glance of recognition as her eyes met his.

Then his heart beat wildly, and he said to himself:

"It is she! I wonder if she is married? If not she shall be my wife! I might have remembered Gilette's sudden craze for the child," he thought angrily. "If I had only got on her track at the first, it would have been all easy enough. It will be a different matter altogether now. Mademoiselle Fernande will have learned to hold her own pretty well by this time. By heavens—what a superb creature she has grown! I wonder if that young Speight is anywhere about yet? I always thought there was a little tenderness in that quarter. Mere bread-and-butter fancy, I daresay. They would be the first to laugh at it themselves now, I suspect."

He had been an old habitue of Madame Gilette's house long before he had met her at Grafton Hall, and, soon as he found out that Fernande was that lady's protege, he made up his mind to resume his Sunday visits there.

His tactics however did not end here. If Colonel de Briant's forty-five years were against him in one respect, they were an advantage in another, for they had conferred upon him confidence, experience, calm judgment, prudence, and, above all, patience; and, with these excellent qualities to help him, he hoped to bring his present undertaking to a successful termination.

"If I do not win her, it shall not be for lack of trying!" he muttered, as he bowled down the Wellington Road in a hansom, after leaving Madame Gilette's on the Sunday afternoon. "I don't think I should be over-scrupulous if any one came in my way; and I hope to goodness young Speight won't turn up, for his own sake, until that girl is Mrs. de Briant!"

Madame Gilette and Dandie had their breakfast earlier than usual the next morning, for they were to catch a mid-day train that would take them direct to the Lake Country—their first halting-place, and there were still many little arrangements to see to before starting.

"Why, Dandie," said Madame, laying the letter she had been reading upon the breakfast-table, "surely this must mean another poor victim to your charms, although he does not say so!"

"Whom is it from, dear?" asked Dandie tranquilly.

"From Colonel de Briant. It is quite a touching appeal! He says it was so delightful to meet two old friends yesterday that he is anxious to see more of them. He calls himself a lonely waif—fancy the Colonel posing as a lonely waif!—and asks me to take pity on him, and allow him to meet us somewhere during the autumn. The real object of his letter comes in at the close. Lord Knaresborough, it seems, has offered him the loan of his yacht for the autumn, and the Colonel suggests that we should spend November and December cruising in the Mediterranean, and asks me to select the ladies of the party, four in number. Should you like it?"

Dandie did not answer, for the contents of the letter had aroused strange and confusing reflections.

When she at last raised her eyes, she found Madame was watching her quizzically.

Dandie smiled, and Madame said very sternly:

"Well, what is it that is causing such deep thought? One would think a kingdom had been offered you instead of a few weeks' cruise in a yacht!"

"Well, I am puzzled what to do," said Dandie slowly. "This proposition means more than you imagine. The fact is, Colonel de Briant has twice asked me to become his wife. I never told you this, because I wanted to forget it myself, if possible. I used to be afraid of him two years ago at Cluton, and I'm not sure that I've got over it even now."

"Of course you refused him both times?"

"I did the first time, but on the second occasion I ran away without giving him any answer."

"And that was really one of the things that induced you to leave Cluton?"

Dandie nodded.

"How odd that you never told me about it!"

"Well, I was thoroughly afraid of him. I imagined that he could make every one do exactly as he wished, and I was afraid that, if I told you he wanted me to marry him, you would take his part, and try to persuade me to do as he wished!"

"Foolish child!"

"Yes, I know that now; but just at that time several events had occurred to make me nervous and low-spirited. Of course I'm not afraid of him any longer; but even now I have a superstitious dread of him. If I were a Scotchwoman, I should believe the feeling that comes over me now and again to be a foreboding of some cruel treatment from him in the future!"

"And yet he is an unusually pleasant companion."

"I know that!" cried Dandie impetuously. "It is not that I don't like him; I like him very well indeed; but I am afraid he might persuade me into the belief that I like him more than I do. He is so nice to be with, so thoughtful and tender in his ways, such charming company; and then one must admire him for his cool daring and courage——"

"Why, Dandie," exclaimed Madame, laughing heartily, "I do believe you are in love with the man!"

"No, dear," the girl answered, earnestly; "I am not in the least in love with him; but he fascinates me when I am in his company; and, if I were to see too much of him, he might take me off my guard one day, and lead me to give a promise that I should regret all my life."

"But, if you really admire him so much, why should you regret going a step further and loving him?"

"Ah, but I should never love him! He might overcome my reason, but he would never reach my heart. Besides, I could not break faith with Jack."

"I did not know how that affair was with you," said Madame quietly. "You speak of him so seldom that I thought perhaps you were trying to forget him."

"No; I shall never do that!" answered Dandie gently. "Even if he never comes to fulfil his promise, I shall not forget him. Looking back now, our love-making seems just a happy childish dream; and perhaps when we meet again, if we ever do meet, we shall both awake to the fact that we are quite different from what we expected each other to be."

"In which case?" interrogated Madame.

"In which case I shall take the first chance of letting him know that I look upon the past as childish folly, and that he is free to choose a wife where he pleases. In a long separation, like this of ours, it is odd what a halo of romance gathers round the absent one. Now in my mind's eye John Speight seems to be a very god for beauty, and a hero for valor; I have made such a prodigy of him in my own imagination that all other men seem to be commonplace by comparison. What will be the probable consequence? Why, when I meet him, the reality will be so inferior to the man of my poetic fancy that my idol will topple from its pedestal at once."

"And then, Dandie?"

"Why, and then"—she spoke in mock dismay, though her voice still vibrated with feeling—"then my heart will be a shrine without an idol."

"And a very good state for a heart to be in, my dear, because then you can replace the idol by another, which will be more satisfactory than having the niche occupied by a useless shadow."

"Now don't let us be sentimental any more," said Dandie, with sudden resolution, "but make up our minds about this invitation of Colonel de Briant's."

"That, my dear, I leave entirely with you. You say that the man attracts and repels you at the same time. It is a state of mind I don't understand—which is not to be wondered at, as you don't seem to understand it yourself; so I won't undertake the responsibility of keeping you apart or throwing you together. You must settle the point for yourself."

"Do you know, I have a presentiment that where Colonel de Briant is concerned he will settle all points himself. We may make up our minds not to see much of him but, if he decides otherwise, we may save ourselves the trouble of forming a resolution in the matter, for he will certainly end by having things just as he wishes."

"You are giving me the horrors, my child!" cried Madame tragically. "You will impress me with the belief that he is Mephistopheles in disguise, if you go on like this much longer."

"I have an idea," exclaimed Dandie; "we will write 'Yes' and 'No' on slips of paper, and put them into one of the china jars, and then we will call Baptiste and make him draw one out, and whichever he draws so we will decide!"

"You great baby!" said Madame, as she watched Dandie make her preparations. "But why not draw a slip yourself? Baptiste will be scandalized at being asked to take part in such folly!"

"No; I would not attempt it myself, for fear the Colonel's influence should lead me to pick the wrong one!" said Dandie gravely.

Madame knitted her brows and looked disturbed as the girl proceeded to call in the gray-haired old Frenchman, who acted as butler at St. John's Wood and as courier on the Continent.

"Baptiste, will you oblige me by putting your hand into this jar, and drawing out one of the slips of paper you will find inside?"

"Certainly, Ma'amselle," replied Baptiste, doing as he was bidden, without a sign of surprise on his face.

"Now," said Dandie—"now for it!"

Madame was really impressed by the girl's nonsense, and watched the unfolding of the paper with great interest.

"No!" shrieked Dandie, dancing wildly round the room in irrepressible gladness. As she passed behind Madame's chair, she caught that lady round the neck and nearly choked her in her intense delight; then she ran out of the room, and up-stairs to her dressing-table, and laid both her hands upon her little casket and whispered:

"I'm so glad, Jack—so glad!"

At this point she caught sight of her face in the looking-glass, and discovered that her eyes were full of tears. This discovery calmed her at once, and she took herself to task for her folly; but, all the same, the feeling of relief lasted through the day.

* * * * * *

Madame Gilette had taken a charming cottage, with picturesque thatch gables and obtrusive bay-windows. It was situated in the prettiest part of the Lake Country, and they had made up their minds to stop there for six weeks.

The place was a little paradise, although the cottage was so small, and the gables and windows were so large, that one instinctively wondered how much of the building would have been left if they had been lopped off.

A week had passed, and Dandie was beginning to know just a little about the neighborhood, and to long to extent her rambles miles away beyond those indescribably beautiful purple hills that shut in the view all around her.

She stood at the little garden-gate, clad in her simple cotton gown, one warm August morning, with a large white umbrella over her head, wondering how the valley looked from the topmost point of the range on the opposite side of the lake, and trying to make herself believe that it did not look so well as the hill looked from her standpoint; but, all the same, she would have liked to go up and make sure.

However, she knew that was impossible; she could not undertake such a climb as that alone, and it was useless to think of getting Madame up such a height.

While she stood gazing at the hill, with a longing expression in her clear gray eyes, and her face in a softened light, from the shadow cast by the umbrella, a young man suddenly came round the bend of the road, not more than a dozen yards from where she stood.

He had an artist's light knapsack strapped on his shoulders, and he was evidently eager to reach some place in a given time, judging by the speed at which he was walking.

When he saw Dandie standing there, with that rapt look on her face, he stopped to admire, and put up his hand to warn his companion, who was coming along at some distance behind, to advance quietly.

The companion complied, wondering very much what was causing the eloquent pantomime on the part of his friend, until he reached his side, when he broke the spell by exclaiming:

"By all that's lucky and a-propos!"

Of course Dandie turned, and of course the young man was angry for a moment with his impetuous friend; but his wrath changed to intense pleasure when he saw his friend go boldly forward and claim acquaintance with the glorious creature at the gate.

"How glad I am to meet you!" exclaimed de Briant. "I've been in the hotel here three days, and was getting so bored as to be a positive nuisance to myself and every one about me. Ask Whaite here if I have not been almost unbearable as a companion. Mr. Felix Whaite, Mademoiselle Fernande"—the young man bowed low. "It is a pleasure indeed to come across you, a real sister-of-mercy, to help me to recover my spirits. Is Madame Gilette down here with you?"—innocently.

"Yes," replied Dandie; "I dare say she will be down-stairs by this time. I have not got her into regular county habits yet, you see. Will you come in and see her?"

In spite of her old prejudice, she could not help feeling a little glad to see the Colonel. He had come exactly at the right time, when she was beginning to feel the need of a sympathetic companion.

"I should like to do so very much indeed," he answered, with a comical side-glance at Whaite; "but my friend is in such a violent hurry to get to the top of somewhere or other before the mist rises that I am afraid——"

"Don't trouble about that!" exclaimed Whaite. "I can make my sketch just as well some other day."

"Oh, very well then," said Colonel de Briant resignedly; "but I did not know! You remember, you said——"

"Mademoiselle, you will believe me when I say that my sketch can wait?"

Dandie smiled, and led the way up the path between the clumps of shrubs and across a small lawn, to a French window which was open.

Of course Madame was surprised to see visitors so early.

"When did you come down, and how did you find us out?" she asked, when the greetings and introductions were over.

"I came down three days ago, and I did not find you out at all; it was Whaite who did that. He stopped at your gate just now, absolutely enthralled at the beauty of the prospect."

Madame looked mystified, and Whaite blushed and told his friend to "drop chaffing a fellow."

"By-the-by," said the Colonel, "speaking of finding you out reminds me that I did not see your names in the visitor's list yesterday."

"No; that was Mademoiselle's doing. She would insist on our keeping *incog.* down here; she said we might as well stay in town if we were to be overrun with visitors morning, noon and night; and so we gave our names in as Brown—or was it Jones, Dandie? But I believe she is getting a little weary of the monotony, in spite of the scenery, although she won't own it."

De Briant's eye brightened as he turned to Dandie, and he said:

"Has the placid beauty of the scenery become monotonous so soon?"

"No, not monotonous, only tantalising," answered Dandie quickly. "I see it all at a distance, and I feel that I want to penetrate into the very heart of it."

"But there is no reason why you should not get at it. There are very few spots in this district that a lady cannot reach on foot, and, if she chooses to have a pony, the matter is much the easier for her. Whaite has a sister staying at the hotel, and she generally goes with him on his expeditions. This one to-day was to have been rather a stiff climb; so she stayed at home for once. If you really want to see the country thoroughly, I can't suggest a better plan than for you to join Whaite; he knows every inch of these hills and dales."

"If you would!" exclaimed Whaite, so rapturously that they all laughed.

"It is very generous of you; but I don't think I could impose on your good nature so far," said Dandie hesitatingly. "I'm afraid I might interfere with your work in some way."

"Indeed you would do nothing of the sort," he cried enthusiastically.

He so evidently meant what he said that Dandie consented; and Miss Whaite came down that very evening, in the cool dusk, with a fleecy wrap over her dinner-gown, to be introduced to the addition to the sketching-party.

CHAPTER IX.

FELIX WHAITE fell madly, desperately in love with Dandie, as was to be expected, seeing that she was a very beautiful woman, and he a romantic young man, and that he spent day after day in her society in the midst of scenery beautiful enough to call forth sentimental feelings in a harder heart than his.

Dandie was becoming quite accustomed to this mute worship of very young men, and accepted his mild adoration in a pleasant matter-of-course way, that would have effectually checked any hope of its ever being returned even if he had been the most conceited of young men instead of being one of the humblest.

Miss Whaite proved a pleasant acquaintance—intellectual, but not a blue-stocking, sensible, but not aggressively strong-minded—a good example of feminine common sense.

She was about twenty-five years of age, and provided the necessary prudence and forethought to ballast the wild spirits of Dandie and Felix in their scrambling expeditions among the hills.

Had it not been for her, those incautious young people would have been bogged daily, and have lost their way hourly, in the intoxication of physical delight resulting from mountain air, bracing exercise, health, and youth.

Colonel de Briant was, on the whole, satisfied with the progress of events.

He considered himself to be particularly clever in having made Whaite the ostensible leader of the party; for he knew that Dandie would have taken fright if he had suggested organizing these daily trips himself.

Mr. Gray had been compelled to tell him that Dandie's main reason for running away from Cluton had been her fear of him.

The good-natured clergyman would hardly have been so very plain-spoken but for the Colonel's extreme anxiety to know the girl's whereabouts; he had been so very pressing in his request to be told where she had gone that Mr. Gray was obliged to give him his real reason for withholding the information.

Remembering this now, the Colonel had the tact to see that it would be waste of time to make love to Dandie until he had carefully prepared the way by removing her old prejudice against him.

Consequently he was content to take second place with her as yet, satisfied to look on at the comedietta being played by her and Whaite, knowing well that there was nothing to fear from that sort of thing, and feeling that his day had not been altogether wasted if Dandie turned supplicatingly to him to settle a point of discussion.

If he could make her trust in him, if she could be made to feel that she could lean safely upon him in any dilemma, he knew it would be a great deal gained; so he patiently waited for his plans to mature.

The party of four had started from Laurel Lawn, as Madame Gilette's temporary residence was called, at a quarter to nine o'clock and they had been walking uphill most of the time ever since, and it was now half-past ten. At last, when they reached a tempting patch of level turf, Dandie stopped resolutely, and said:

"It is of no use! I can't go a step farther

without something to eat! If you don't let me have a sandwich, Constance, I shall take off my boots and begin to nibble the soles!"

"But my resting-point is only just round the next bend of the hill, Miss Dandie!" said Whaite.

"So you have been saying for the last mile and a half!" exclaimed Dandie ruefully. "If you only knew how awfully hungry I am, you would have pity on me! You are a fraud, sir! Only five miles indeed! Why, I'm sure we have walked eight already — haven't we, Colonel de Briant?"

"Now what am I to say?" said the Colonel, with a perplexed air. "If I say 'Yes,' I shall tell a falsehood, and if I say 'No,' I shall flatly contradict a lady."

"Well, go on, Mr. Whaite," cried Dandie, laughing, and clutching her climbing-pole desperately; "but, if I suddenly collapse altogether, mind you insist on the jury returning a verdict of 'died of starvation!'"

"It is not much farther really, Dandie," observed Constance consolingly; "I was here before with Felix, when he sketched in his outline. If you are so awfully tired, Colonel de Briant will give you his arm up the next steep bit, and then we shall soon be there."

"It is not that I'm so tired as that I am so hungry," said Dandie, plodding along again; "all I want is something to eat! I'm afraid, with all his good-nature, Colonel de Briant can't supply that want."

"I'm afraid not, in spite of Miss Mainwaring's assertion as to the red men finding me good eating."

"I wonder what Miss Mainwaring would say if she were here to see all this loveliness now," remarked Dandie, giving a comprehensive look of admiration at the view below and around her. "I should think those adorers of the hideous must be struck dumb with a sense of their own folly when they find themselves in the midst of such beauty as this."

"I don't believe this world contains a view capable of striking Miss Mainwaring dumb!" returned the Colonel. "If I thought it did, I would devote my life to finding that view and taking her to see it. After that, I should feel that I had not lived in vain."

The two girls laughed heartily, and Constance inquired:

"Is the lady such an insufferable horror as all that, Colonel de Briant?"

"I think so, Miss Whaite. She has a habit of stating her individual views as though they were the accepted dogmas of intelligent humanity, and as if any one thinking differently from her were altogether beneath contempt."

"She must be a charming sort of person!"

"She is. I almost wonder she never tried to improve your singing, Miss Dandie."

"She did the next thing to it," said Dandie, smiling at the recollection; "she tried to persuade Madame Gilette to let me learn the part of Lucia under a master belonging to her own particular school."

De Briant laughed in his quiet way, as if the idea amused him.

"And what did Madame answer?"

"That she was quite satisfied with the tuition I had received."

"And now here is our camping-ground," cried Whaite, as they slowly passed round a huge crag, and came out on to a small plateau, where luncheon was already laid.

"Lovely!" ejaculated Dandie at the sight of the food. "How did it get here?"

Whaite pointed to a shaggy little pony, and a man resting a few yards off.

"What a little glutton!" cried Constance indignantly. "She is brought to one of the finest views in the whole of the Lake Country, and she fixes her eyes upon the pigeon pie and says, 'Lovely!'"

"I will admire the view presently, dear," said Dandie sweetly, as she sat down by the edge of the table-cloth; "I cannot work up the proper degree of enthusiasm while I am starving!"

"After all, it is well worth the climb," remarked Colonel de Briant, as he leaned back against the rock, and looked straight before him. "I know of nothing more lovely than this little patch of Lake Country."

"Yes; it makes one long to be a painter," said Dandie.

"I should like to teach you," murmured Felix, as he fixed his easel.

"It would be utter waste of time," she answered. "I have no gift whatever that way."

"You are quite gifted enough, Miss Dandie," said the Colonel emphatically; "if you were more talented than you are you would become oppressive. See how still the smoke from the little steamer lies over the lake! It must be awfully hot down there. We have the best of it up here in the breeze. There is a feeling in the air this morning that reminds me of a Brazilian winter's day."

"I do believe you have been into every corner of the globe, Colonel de Briant!" exclaimed Constance Whaite.

"I have seen most that is worth seeing, Miss Whaite."

"What a restless disposition yours must be!"

"It used to be."

"Used to be. Why, you have only just returned from a long tour in America."

"But it was something more than mere restlessness that induced me to take that trip, Miss Whaite."

"Yes?"—inquiringly.

"Yes," was the only reply.

There was silence for some minutes, and Miss Whaite thought Colonel de Briant meant to drop the subject.

He sat very still, with his eyes fixed upon the little steamer as it made its way swiftly across the intensely blue waters of the lake.

Dandie glanced over at him inquisitively; she wondered if she had had anything to do with that last wild-goose chase of his.

The silence made her feel self-conscious and awkward.

She shifted her position, and opened her lips to speak; but he removed his cigar from his lips and forestalled her.

"Have you ever been unfortunate enough to go through a period of severe mental strain, Miss Whaite, or, to put it more intelligibly, severe mental sorrow?"

"I lost my father and mother on the same day; they died of cholera, out in India, when I was a child of fourteen. I was then left alone in the world, with that boy to take care of," she answered succinctly.

"Bad enough, in all conscience; but you had to exert your faculties, you had to think and plan and arrange matters. If we could think rationally at such times, we should see that the necessity for exertion is the one thing that saves us from ourselves in these trials. The last great trouble of my life, the trouble that drove me away from my own country, came upon me unaccompanied by any such saving clause. It did not bring with it a necessity for action, or even thought; it fell upon me suddenly, struck its one cruel blow, and left me with nothing to do but sit down and contemplate my own wretchedness. Well, I sat and worried until my misery became almost unbearable, and I came to the conclusion at last that I should either go mad or kill myself if I did not shake off the awful lethargy that was growing upon me. That was what sent me off on my last journey to foreign parts—not so much innate restlessness of disposition as my anxiety to get away from myself and my sorrow."

There were some really artistic touches about the delivery of this speech, and the Colonel, watching the nervous twitching of Dandie's foot—he knew better than to look her in the face—thought he had done it very well indeed.

"Judging by appearances, I should think you had got over that sorrow, whatever it was, by now," said Felix, breaking in unexpectedly; "you look as if nothing in the world could trouble you much now—as hard as nails, in fact."

"My dear fellow, we don't all possess such an ingenuous countenance as yours, and we don't all wear our hearts on our sleeves, but we carry them within us nevertheless; and I am almost sure that, like the exotics in a hot-house, they become all the more tender and sensitive from the confinement. You know an essence retains its strength longer in a corked bottle than if exposed to the air."

"Felix thinks no one has a right to a secret sorrow but himself," remarked Miss Whaite, who never missed an opportunity of making fun of her brother's romantic tendencies.

"I suppose he thinks I am an old fogey, and have no right to possess a heart or feelings," replied de Briant, resuming his cigar with a smile, which was followed—it seemed in spite of himself—by a sigh of regret.

He was unusually quiet after this, and Dandie watched him for a while, and wondered why it had never occurred to her before that he was to pitied for his unrequited love for herself.

To his possible sufferings she had never given a thought, until he had alluded to them to-day—for of course, though he had been too considerate even to glance at her while he spoke of it, this sorrow of his was caused by her sudden disappearance from Cluton.

They all dined at Laurel Lawn that evening, and after dinner, while Madame openly enjoyed her usual nap, and Miss Whaite, drowsy after her climb, surreptitiously kept her company, Dandie sat down at the piano at the farther end of the room, where the bright moonlight made her white figure look ghost-like—lamps being tabooed—and sang very softly to herself one little ballad after another; and as she sang she gazed earnestly at the lake, sparkling and glinting in the distance.

How very lovely it was; how much she would have liked Jack to see it just as it was then, and how odd it was that when she admired anything, or enjoyed anything more than usual, her thoughts always turned instinctively to Jack, in a wish that he could share it with her.

Was he as loyal to her? she wondered. During the past month or two, she had heard a little of life on an Indian station, and, though her present feeling for Jack was not clearly defined enough to make her anxious on the subject of his behavior, she thought she would like to know that he did not make a regular practice of dancing attendance on the prettiest young married woman within reach, which she understood was regarded as the "correct thing" out there.

She left off singing presently, and let her hands wander in lingering tenderness over the keys.

She was startled when the low tones of a familiar voice fell upon her ears from the deep gloom between the windows.

"Will you sing 'The Old Folks at Home' to me? Sing it softly and low, as you have been singing for the last quarter of an hour."

"Have you been there all the time?"

"Pretty nearly."

"Where is Mr. Whaite?"

"He went out into the garden 'to hang upon the melody of your voice in the moonlight,' as he charmingly expressed it, so I came to hang upon it in an easy-chair."

Dandie laughed softly.

"Will you please sing me that little song?"

"Why do you want just that one song?"

"Because I feel in a melting mood to-night, and I think that song, sung by you, would complete the melting process. Please!"

Dandie let her fingers wander off into the simple little melody, and then sang it as he had desired, "softly and low."

He rose from his chair as she sang the first note, and leaned with one arm on the piano, gazing down at her.

Though she would not raise her eyes to his, she knew exactly how he was looking, how his lips were quivering, just as she had seen them quiver before when she was singing.

The subtle influence of her surroundings, the gentle "lap, lap" of the waters of the lake, the faint tremulous murmur of the leaves of the acacia-trees, the genuine pathos of the air and the words she was singing, and possibly the magnetic attraction of a soul in sympathy, all combined to produce a feeling of fictitious sentiment.

The last words of the homely little song died away in a mere sigh of melody, but the singer's soul was in them.

De Briant did not say "Thank you," but she was not surprised at that; she knew he was looking the thanks he would not speak.

Slowly her fingers wandered over the keys.

He had left the piano now, his face was on a level with hers, and, struggle as she would against it, she felt compelled to meet his gaze; and, as her eyes turned to his, she lost all sense of opposition.

"Why are we so often deprived of the very thing we desire more than all the world?" he murmured, so quietly that the fascinated girl only just caught the words. "Ah, Dandie, if you had only stayed—my little Dandie!"

His face was quite close to hers now; she saw his dark eyes gleaming in the moonlight, she felt one hand fall gently upon her shoulder.

A shiver ran through her as she felt his breath on her cheek, yet her hands still strayed instinctively over the keys, and she was not conscious of any desire to move away from him. She was held—enthralled!

She often wondered afterwards what words might not have been spoken under the influence of the moment, what might not have happened, if the drawing-room door had not been suddenly opened, the lamp-light from the hall flooding the room, and Baptiste immediately entering with lights, coffee, and the evening letters.

The ladies at the other end of the room awoke simultaneously; Felix, bringing a faint odor of cigar-smoke with him, strolled in through the farther window; the Colonel sauntered across the room to look at the letters which had been sent down from the hotel for them, and Dandie, scarcely herself, yet conscious of a distinct sense of relief, broke forth into a triumphant hymn of rejoicing.

"I liked the soft music better," said Felix, coming up behind her. "I have been leaning against the verandah, in the moonlight, listening to you for the last half-hour. And, do you know, I almost fancied you were conscious of my presence during that last song, it sounded as if you were singing with the knowledge that a sympathetic soul was eagerly listening for every note!"

Dandie looked at him for a moment in silence; then she burst into a peal of laughter that sounded half-hysterical.

"You have a wonderful gift for finding a sentimental side to everything," she said lightly.

Nevertheless the words impressed her uncomfortably. Had her heart responded to Colonel de Briant's emotion?

CHAPTER X.

WHEN their guests were gone, Madame Gilette called Dandie from where she was standing by the window, looking out across the lake, with an anxious expression in her sweet eyes.

"Dandie, my dear, I have had a most important letter by this post," she said, "a letter that needs grave consideration from you before we answer it!"

"From me?" exclaimed Dandie wonderingly, as she came and took a low chair opposite to her friend. "What is it all about?"

Though she tried to look interested, her thoughts were really still busy with that secret anxiety of hers—was she beginning to care for Colonel de Briant?

"It is an offer for a three months' engagement at St. Petersburg, early in the new year."

Dandie clasped her hands, with an exclamation of the keenest delight.

"You would like to go then?"

"I should like it more than anything that could happen just now!"

"You will have to forego your spring engagements in London, and I am not sure if it is wise to absent yourself after your first season. The public is so fickle in its likes and dislikes."

"Oh, we must manage it somehow. I should break my heart not to go!"

"The terms are certainly very flattering," said Madame thoughtfully. "If you maintain your present success, you will soon be a rich woman, Dandie."

"How shall I be rich?"

"By the money you earn, my dear."

Dandie looked affectionately at Madame as she said:

"You don't suppose I'm going to touch the money I receive for my singing! It is yours, it belongs rightly to you. You took me to Italy, you had me prepared for the operatic stage, you obtained my engagements for me. What chance should I have had without your influence? My earnings are due to your exertions, and they are yours!"

"You enthusiastic little ninny; you don't know what you are talking about!" exclaimed Madame, frowning, though her lips quivered. "Why, you have been worth a thousand a year to me! I have lived my triumphs over again in yours. Tut, tut; we won't say anything more about money nonsense now! Time enough to talk about that two years hence, when you are twenty-one. Now what about this St. Petersburg business? Why are you so anxious to go?"

Dandie knelt down by Madame's side, and put her arms round her waist before she answered.

"I would rather not be in London next year," she said. "What I want is to get away for a time. If it could be managed, I should like to go and bury myself out of sight somewhere for two whole years."

"What is it, Dandie? What is wrong, my dear?" asked Madame Gilette gently, putting her hand under the girl's chin and turning her face up to the light. "There is a sound of trouble in your voice; what is worrying you?"

"I want to get away to some place where Colonel de Briant is not likely to follow me," replied Dandie.

"But I thought you were such excellent friends these last three weeks!"

"So we have been. And I thought he was going to be nice, and sensible, and pleasant, and all that, you know."

"Well?"

"But, from something that happened to-day, I think he has still the old feeling for me."

"That is no reason why you should run away from him."

"But suppose he should propose to me again?" said Dandie, with very wide-open eyes.

"I suppose you would refuse him again, and that would end the matter."

"If I were sure of that I should not be unhappy," said Dandie desperately; "but the fact is I am not sure of anything where that man is concerned! Do you know, Madame, he very nearly kissed me to-night, and I did not feel indignant at the time; I believe I should have allowed him to do it!"

Madame laughed heartily.

"If you were willing, Dandie, why did he stop at very nearly doing it?"

"Because Baptiste came in with the coffee just in time to prevent it. Oh, I was so thankful afterwards; but just at the time, you know, I felt absolutely passive in his hands! It may seem amusing to you, dear, but to me it is awful!" Dandie shuddered slightly, and let her head rest on Madame's shoulder. "If he were to get me into that state of mind again, and then propose to me, I feel that I should be obliged to say 'Yes'!"

"What, against your own will?"

"Yes. It would not be against my will at the moment, because my will would be his, but it would be against my own independent will."

"How can you explain such a contradiction as that, dear?" asked Madame gravely.

"I can only explain it by what happened to-night," said Dandie sorrowfully. "Ten minutes before he attempted to kiss me, or ten minutes afterwards, I should have been furiously angry at the bare idea of such a thing; yet, at the moment he wished it, I had no opposition to offer! What has happened once can always happen again."

"And you would like to get out of his way?"

Dandie sighed profoundly.

"More than anything in the world," she returned emphatically. "Mine is such a strange position; I am in love with a dream—my dream of Jack Speight as he seemed to my childish eyes! I don't suppose the real Jack Speight will come up to my dream for a moment; nevertheless my feeling is strong enough to make me wish to keep faith with him until the time he stipulated for is past, or until he sets me free by his own deed. You see, Madame, I always feel that I belong to him, and that I should be like a thief if I disposed of myself to any one else without his consent."

"Which, in plain English, means that you are faithful by nature. But how do you think John will find you out, even if he wishes to do so, after the wonderful changes that have taken place in your circumstances?"

"He will find me out if he wishes to," said Dandie quietly, but in a tone of perfect conviction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COURAGE.—Courage is a quality which can bring a man through all the difficulties of this world. Many persons may possess physical courage and have not a particle of moral courage. With moral courage comes honesty, nobleness of character, and very often physical courage. Strength and force are not required for moral courage, for the weakest woman may have a great amount of moral courage. Moral courage consists in doing what is right, no matter what the consequences or how great the difficulty may be. In not allowing oneself to be tossed by every wave of the tide of the world, whether it be right or wrong. In keeping a pure conscience and an upright heart.

AT MOONRISE.

BY SYDNEY A. ALEXANDER.

How hushed and quiet the gaunt poplars spring
Beside the lake,
Where song-weary thrush, head under wing,
Is nestling half awake!

The warm gray lights of evening linger there
Or gently pass
Along the dappled water, and the air
No voice nor music has.

Low on the night's marge yonder, a big moon,
Cleaving the blue,
Comes up and silvers the broad shades which soon
The bats flit darkly through.

Across the moor—else silent over earth
And sky's wide range—
Steals the low laughter of two lovers' mirth;
How sweet it sounds, yet strange!

"SAVED!"

BY THE COUNTESS.

CHAPTER I.

AH, the beautiful lady! She is pale and tired!"

These words were addressed to me years ago by the padrona or landlady of a hotel, which mother and I had just reached, after a long and fatiguing night journey; and trivial as they may appear, I remember them distinctly, as well as every other circumstance that occurred during the eventful four and twenty hours which succeeded our arrival at the Hotel d'Oro, in Florence, on the 17th September, 184—.

My lately-widowed mother and myself (a girl of seventeen) had been traveling in Italy for months, after an aimless, erratic fashion; for she, poor soul, was endeavoring, through change of scene and fatigue of body, to deaden the memory of her grief; and we had started the night before from A ——, to avoid the heat of a day journey, arriving in the early morning at the Hotel d'Oro, an imposing building situated on the banks of the Arno, and formerly a palace of the Este and Borgia families, whose quaint monograms and devices ornamented its walls, both within and without.

We were conducted to our apartments by the pretty padrona, and as we wearily passed through the magnificent vestibule and ascended the broad marble staircase, I was curiously reminded (my nerves being probably in an irritated condition) of a picture I have seen in a child's story book, of a pretty little girl with long hair, who is mounting a stair leading to a hanging gallery, so exactly like the one before us, that as we came to an abrupt turn, I positively stopped and shuddered, expecting to be met (as in the picture) by a cruel-faced, velvet-footed panther, which was waiting round the corner, with open mouth and glaring eye, to spring upon its unsuspecting victim!

A silly childish story, no doubt, but just one of those which would cling to one's memory.

The visitors' apartments on the first story of the Hotel d'Oro opened upon the hanging gallery, and we were conducted to ours through a doorway concealed by a heavy piece of tapestry.

"Is the signora satisfied?" asked the padrona, as with pardonable pride she threw open the door of a spacious and beautiful salone, which owned French windows, opening upon a delightfully roomy balcony.

"Oh! yes," answered my mother wearily; "but pray take us at once to our sleeping rooms, for we are tired."

The padrona took the hint, and led us to two rooms (leading out of the salone and into each other), which were beautifully furnished, but one was so small that I indignantly exclaimed:

"Mamma! I really can't sleep in a box!—and in this heat too!"

"Have you any other room you could give Lady Muriel?" my mother asked the padrona, who reflected for a moment and then said:

"I have, signora. It belongs to a suite of rooms prepared for the Russian Princess Clpetska and her sick son and attendants, whom we expect in a few hours; but the doctor, who engaged them, desired us to shut up three or four of the bedrooms, as there were too many; so Lady Muriel's maid could sleep there also—close to her—just across the gallery."

My mother said, "If you are sure you have a right to give her these rooms, that will do perfectly."

So all being satisfactorily arranged, I betook myself to my apartment, accompanied by the padrona; but when first I entered it, my spirits (generally daring to a fault) went down to zero.

The room was so large. So gloomy! The walls were hung with dingy tapestry, which trembled and flapped each time a door was shut, or that one walked across the room; making the grotesque and hideous figures represented upon it, seemingly instinct with life and with an agony of eagerness to leap from the walls, and proffer me a dreadful welcome.

The bed, too, was far from reassuring in its ghost-like grandeur.

It was a carved oak "four-poster;" an ivory and ebony crucifix was nailed at its head, the curtains were dark green velvet, and plumes of feathers waved at each corner of the canopy, being constantly stirred by mysterious gusts of air, and emitting a rustling sound suggestive of dead leaves—melancholy in the extreme.

Added to all this I counted five doors in the room, and the padrona noticing my uneasy glances towards them, assured me they were locked, proving her words by pushing and pulling them violently while turning the handles, at the same time talking volubly in Italian.

I was, of course, obliged, after the good lady's exertions, to profess myself satisfied, and she was just leaving the room, when the bell which hung in the court-yard began to ring, and the padrona, running with apologies to my balcony, which overhung the grand entrance, called out hastily:

"Lady Muriella! See! The princess and prince!" and then hurried down the stairs.

I ran and looked out, and true enough, the Russians had arrived, hours before they were expected, and with much curiosity I watched them as they quickly alighted.

There were several clumsy vehicles, each drawn by three horses; the princess and her lady occupying the first.

The princess was helped out of her carriage by two footmen (the exact counterpart of each other), having greasy Kalmuc faces, flat noses, and eyes a la chinoise, and she seemed tall and finely formed, with a clear, pale complexion, tawny-colored hair and eyelashes, (the latter being unusually thick and long) and she walked with singular dignity as she entered the hotel.

The occupants of the second vehicle, (a sort of invalid carriage) greatly interested me.

First a priest, with lowering face and shovel hat, and who had seemingly descended from one of the carriages at the rear, entered the bed-carriage, and proceeded to hand out a bag, some pillows, and a fur rug; then giving a sign to the footmen, they scrambled up the carriage steps like performing monkeys, and slowly and carefully drew forth the long, lanky legs of a boy of about sixteen, whose shoulders and head were supported by a serious-looking young man, who I subsequently learnt was an English doctor.

The young prince seemed very ill, for he neither spoke nor moved, and took no notice of any one.

I was eager to see his face, but both doctor and priest were determined he should not be exposed to the vulgar gaze, for his cap was pulled over his eyes, and his figure was enveloped in a large shawl; but as he was being disengaged from the carriage, his head fell backward, and his cap slipped off, and in his anxiety to catch it, one of the servants entangled his foot in the shawl, dragging it completely off; and although the priest hastily replaced it and the cap, (casting meanwhile a withering look at the terrified menial), he did not prevent my having a momentary view of the thin face and emaciated figure of the sick boy.

He was deadly pale, his eyes were closed and he appeared unconscious of all around; till, strangely, and for an instant, (during the excitement caused by the loss of his cap), I fancied he slightly opened his eyes—and looked at me! but he was carried so quickly into the hotel that I could not be certain of the fact.

I felt no further interest in the occupants of the other carriages, but I longed to see all I could of the prince and his strange entourage; so I crept into the gallery overlooking the marble hall, and waited; knowing that as his apartments were next to mine, the prince must pass that way.

As I leant over the gallery balustrade, watching, I fancied there seemed some delay, some consternation in the hall, among the attendants, but I was too far off to make out the cause; at last, however, I saw them coming, carrying the prince up stairs, upon a stretcher.

As soon as they had nearly reached the landing, I ran back and hid myself behind my own door, to see them go by.

It was quite a procession. First came the princess (how beautiful she was, and how arrogant she looked!) and by her side was the priest, talking in low, agitated whispers, while she appeared to listen in proud, sullen silence.

Then the seemingly inanimate body was carried by, by the doctor and some servants.

As the prince and his bearers passed, I involuntarily moved out of my hiding place, and the doctor perceiving me, started slightly, and again I thought the sick boy's heavy eyelids quivered and slightly unclosed!

He was followed by a troop of dirty, savage-looking servants, who chattered noisily in some guttural tongue as they walked, until the priest turned and frowned them into silence.

All excitement being now over, I lay down and endeavored to sleep, but my mind would not rest.

After tossing about uneasily for an hour or two, I rose and ran into my mother, and as I was relating to her all I had seen, the padrona knocked and anxiously craved an interview; and began a long story, speaking so rapidly in Italian that I could not understand her, but my mother, being a good linguist, did, and was evidently deeply interested in what she heard; gradually, however, a look of horror overspread her face, and finally pointing to me, she put her finger upon her lip, a gesture which apprised me, of course, that something was going forward which I was not to know, and which, equally of course, decided me upon discovering what that "something" was; so losing no time, I ran to my maid Susette, who was arranging my room, and asked what had happened.

At first she refused to tell me, increasing my curiosity a hundred-fold, by adding the "padrona had begged her to be silent."

Eventually the French woman's love of gossip got the upper hand, and with many nods and winks and "hushes," she confided to me that the young prince was dead!

"Dead!" I gasped.

"Yes, dead," reiterated Susette.

She then proceeded to say that the young man had been so ill during the journey, that the doctor doubted his arriving alive, but the prince had such a longing to get to Florence that they hurried on.

The doctor insisted upon traveling alone with his patient; but when they arrived within a few miles of Florence, the prince was taken so suddenly worse, that the carriages were stopped, and the doctor called in the priest, considering death imminent; the invalid lived, however, to be lifted into the hotel, but as he was being carried through the marble hall, the doctor called out to the bearers to stop, and before the poor fellow could be placed upon a couch, he expired.

I was too awe-stricken to speak; but when my astonishment had in a measure subsided, I began to reason, and I said to Susette:

"Who told you this?"

"The padrona," answered the maid very solemnly.

"Did she see it happen?"

"No," said Susette, "for the princess begged the padrona and his wife to stay behind, and superintend the unloading of the carriages, so that the prince's luggage might be brought up at once. The traveling companion told the padrona how it all occurred, and she told me."

"Well!" I exclaimed excitedly, "it is a very odd story, for I saw the young prince's face twice, and he looked exactly the same both times, very pale and quiet, but not dead."

"Hush! Lady Muriel," whispered Susette, "do not speak so loud, for the padrona, in the hurry and distress of the arrival, did not mention to the princess that you were in this room; she told the doctor ——"

"And what did he say?" I asked quickly.

"He seemed put out at first, and said he feared the princess would be displeased, but when the padrona told him that you were 'only a signorina,' he seemed satisfied."

"And you allowed me to stay all this time in a room to which I had no right," I exclaimed hotly. "How could you do so? I shall go at once to mamma, and ——"

"Wait, Lady Muriel," interrupted Susette; "I will see the padrona, when she can attend to us; at present they are all in such trouble about the poor prince's death."

"I do not believe he is dead, for as he passed me I am almost sure he opened his eyes and looked at me!"

"People's eyes are often half open when they are dead," said Susette.

"May be," I argued; "but people don't open their eyes after they are dead."

"Ah! bah!" said Susette irritably, annoyed at her story being doubted, "the prince is dead now, at all events, for I stood by while you were lying down, and I saw crosses, tapers, pictures, and all kinds of things being carried into his room; and, the doctor saw me, and came up hastily to me, and said he had not yet told the princess that you slept in that room, and that I had better keep it quiet at present. Then he asked who you were? How old? Whether you slept alone? and then he asked me to do him a favor, for he could not, he said, leave the room for a moment himself, so would I fetch one of the footmen, Ivan by name, as he must tell him to go out and buy flowers for the dead chamber; so I fetched him, and on my return the doctor put a gold piece in my hand and said, as he could not speak Italian, he might want my help again."

I would not answer Susette, and I told her to leave me, for I was annoyed at getting mixed up with the Russians, angry too with the doctor for offering me money to my maid, and still more angry with her for taking it; then—what could he mean, saying he might want Susette's help again?

Surely there were Russians enough to do their own behests.

"There is something strange about it all," I soliloquized, "and I hate these Russians—I don't know why—and I will not remain amongst them; I will move into the box at once."

Having thus lashed myself into a state of high wrath, I burst out of my room into the passage, and to my unspeakable annoyance, I ran up against the priest, who was standing at my door.

I murmured, "Pardon!" and would have passed on, but the princess, looking amazed at my appearance, came forward and said civilly:

"Ah! pretty Lady Muriel, I heard you were in the hotel; have you lost your way? the galleries are all so alike. Shall I conduct you back to your room? Where do you sleep?"

"Here, madame!" I said rather defiantly pointing to my room, determined to show that I had nothing to hide.

The lady looked surprised, but quickly, recovering herself said:

"Ah! so near us! You are in the midst of much sorrow."

"The young prince," I said awkwardly, "how is he?"

"Ah! you do not know; he is dead, alas!"

I had not time to reply, for the priest, who had been watching me intently, came forward and whispered in the princess's ear upon which she said to me:

"Would you like to see my poor son—yourself?"

I hesitated—for I had never seen death—but I was curious, very curious, and the princess, seeing my hesitation, took me firmly by the hand, and opening the door of her apartments, led me in.

For a moment I was perfectly dazed at what met my sight!

The room was large, and in utter darkness, except immediately round the couch upon which the dead prince lay, and there innumerable candles of all sizes were blazing like a fiery barrier defending him from the outer world.

The doctor was standing close to the body, burning some condiment, which he held in a dish; he looked steadily at me, and gently drew down the white coverlet from off the head and upper portion of the body, so that I might see the sad, but beautiful face, which was as white as the roses and camellias which surrounded it.

The hair, eyebrows and eyelashes were very black, and the pale, slender fingers were lightly crossed over a crucifix which rested on the breast.

I gazed tearfully at the pathetic young face, which seemed hardly, if at all, changed.

"How exquisite!" I sighed, "and how quickly everything has been arranged! May I go nearer?"

"Yes," answered the princess, "but not within the lights; but—how pale you are! You had better stay no longer."

"There is such a strange, sweet smell, which rather overcomes me."

"Ah! from the violets and Cape jessamine; we can none of us stay in the room; but you are so pale! You must come away now."

Then putting her handkerchief up to her eyes, she added—

"He will be buried to-morrow; they bury so quickly here."

"Poor boy!" I ejaculated, and burst into tears.

"You will tell Madame la Comtesse," said the princess, "how calm, how happy he looks, and that we have had a devoted English doctor all through; he is here now, you see; and he will not leave Michael's room, even to eat."

I looked at the doctor as she spoke, and fancied I saw the ghost of a smile flit over his face, and not feeling kindly disposed towards him, I said to myself, "Heartless, like all the rest," then turning to the princess, I said coldly:

"I will tell my mother that I have seen you, madame, and your poor son, but," I added hesitatingly, "does he look calm and happy? Is there not—rather—a look of fear upon his face?"

The princess answered shortly, "Perhaps you have never seen death before?"

"No, madame," I returned; "but if all dead faces look as beautiful, as full of pathos as this one, why should people dread seeing them?"

With this I courtesied ceremoniously to the princess and left her, and after hastily dressing for a drive, my mother was rather startled when she heard my account; but seeing I had sustained no nerve shock, she only said:

"I hope, darling, the young man died of nothing infectious?"

"Oh, no, mamma; he has been very ill for a long time; the princess told me so."

"I wish she had not spoken to you, Muriel; I begged the padrona to tell you nothing about it, for fear of alarming you. I hope the room you sleep in is not next the prince's, or you will be frightened."

"It takes a great deal to alarm me, mamma," I said evasively and with a contemptuous laugh; so, after this conversation, I resolved to say nothing about my wish to move, for I was foolishly vain of my reputation for coolness and courage, and I felt sure, were I now to express a wish to change my room, it would be endangered; so setting aside my dignity, I deemed is best to leave the distribution of the rooms as it was.

A short time afterwards we started on a sight-seeing expedition, and after a cosy dinner and a short rest on the balcony, we retired for the night.

I was quickly undressed, and after Susette had left me, as I thought, for good, she returned, saying her room was so small, might she hang her bonnet and cloak, etc., in the recess within mine, which had been devoted to the large carriage boxes?

I was still too put out with her either to object or agree to anything she might propose; in fact, I felt that as long as she left me personally in peace, she might hang herself up there on a peg till the morning, without any let or hindrance from me!

So she did as she wished, and after replacing the portiere over the recess, she once more left me, this time locking my door on the outside and carrying off the key, as my mother had desired her to, for fear I should forget to lock my door myself.

Susette had also received orders to come to me once or twice during the night, in case I should require anything.

So I now settled myself in bed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, for either from overfatigue, or excitement, or both, I was rest-

less, uneasy, and tossed wearily from side to side.

After a while, however, I gradually calmed down, becoming drowsy and confused; and all the sights and sounds I had passed through during the day revisited me, but in a misty, indistinct way, as though I saw and heard them through a veil; half-waking, half-dreaming, strange fancies, interwoven with the impressions of the last few hours, haunted my pillow.

First, I was standing in the great marble hall, in the midst of which I saw a catafalque, surrounded by a mass of light, and upon it lay the pale young prince, while at his feet crouched a spotted leopard, upon whose broad back a lovely little girl was sitting, and they two were keeping watch over the dying boy, so that none of those black figures which were lurking behind the marble pillars dare approach.

I passed on, I thought, through the hall, which was thickly strewn with roses, violets and the luscious gardenia, and as, at each step, I crushed the flowers, a sweet, faint, overpowering odor seemed to rise higher and higher, till it enveloped me in a diaphanous mist, opaque at first, but gradually melting away, so as to make me dimly aware that I was standing on a fascinating fairy-built bridge, dreamily watching the waters of the silver Arno, which laughingly hurried by, casting up a glittering shower of diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and refusing to be retained by the graceful arches which would fain have clasped them closely to their stony breasts.

Then unconsciously the scene shifted, and I was walking through a narrow Italian street, closely surrounded by grim-looking, gray stone palaces, with their narrow-barred, vindictive-looking windows and their frowning towers; and I seemed to distinguish beneath my feet the hollow sounds of their dreadful dungeons:

"And each and all these," a priest whispered in my ear, "have their own tale of wrong and murder!"

At these words I thought I hastened my steps, for I felt suffocated, stifled for want of air.

The streets seemed interminable, and the buildings as though they would close over my head, when lo! a holy, lovely Presence was near, and coming towards me was a young mother, pressing her little child close to her bosom, as though clasping Him fast to shield Him from the cruel outer world.

"Is it a beauteous picture?" I asked in a confused way, "or is it a great truth?" for a glory shone forth from the baby brow, clearing away the wicked shadows, and shedding light and blessing on all around!

Fountains, flowers, gardens, statues, now passed giddily before me, glowing and glistening in the pitiless burning sun, with unchanging blue sky overhead, and the glaring white flagstones under foot; till at last, languid and fainting, I turned gratefully out of the noise and heat, into a dim-lit, high-roofed cathedral, restful alike to eyes and mind in its darkness and silence.

(That peculiar, holy, church silence, which always tells of a great expectancy, of the hushed and breathless "looking for" a great and glorious coming.)

I stood, I thought, entranced, gazing mistily at the beauty of the opal-jeweled windows, at the wondrous perspective of the many arches, raised like huge sheltering arms, guarding over the Present of my childish head, and stretching far, far away (always lifted in my defence) into the shadows of the future.

As I gazed above, I beheld two angels come hovering side by side, down the lofty cathedral aisle, and with each beat of their pearly wings they shed around them the fragrant odors of incense, and the vibrations of a mystic melody.

They smiled as they passed me by, a grave sweet smile, and I said dreamily, "Oh! that this House of Peace were my home! Oh! that I could forever join in the service of angels!"

Then, in fancy, I knelt and mingled my poor prayers with those of the calm, holy-looking nuns, the wrinkled old peasant women, the dark-eyed, brown-skinned children that were kneeling reverently on the marble pavement, peacefully telling their beads, apparently all unconscious of a busily-wicked, wickedly-busy Florence within a few paces of their altars—aye! at their very church doors!

These pictures, distinct at first, but becoming gradually more and more shadowy, were all in a moment rudely dispersed, dispelled, exactly like a mirror which had suddenly been cracked, sparred by some unseen hand!

I started violently, and sat up in my bed, for I thought—nay, I was convinced—I heard one of the many doors in the room shake gently, but decidedly, as though some one were endeavoring to enter.

I listened attentively, and for a while all seemed quiet; but—again! the same sound! and this time from another door, which, like the former one, opened into the Russian apartments.

I watched, and distinctly saw the handle turn and the door shake.

I was now thoroughly alarmed, and would have rushed in to Susette, but, to my distress, I remembered that my door was locked on the outside!

"Oh!" I gasped, "if Susette would only come. What can it be? What shall I do?"

I waited, listening painfully, but for a few minutes I heard nothing more, and almost persuaded myself that it must have been my imagination, or perhaps, "Some one may have mistaken the door."

I thought I began to be ashamed of my cowardice; I determined to be brave, and ignore the whole thing—to lie down again—but I had hardly done so before I distinctly heard footsteps creeping along the balcony and stopping at my window, which was only lightly hooked together, for it was very warm, and it had never struck me, till now, that as my room belonged to the Russian suite, so did the balcony, and was therefore not divided from theirs.

Breathlessly I listened, and, tremblingly leaping out of bed, I threw on my dressing-gown—stole to the window—and, gently pushing aside the blind, looked out—and never, to my dying day, shall I forget my horror when I became aware of a man's face, within an inch of my own, peering in at me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Handsome Jim."

BY H. E. GRAY.

POLLY BENDER was the handsomest girl in the town of Digby. She had an erect figure, clear, earnest eyes, and a bright, cheerful face.

At times, however, strange moods came upon her, in which she would glance up with such a look of pain, mingled with a curious sternness, that it seemed as if some bitter memory must be passing through her mind.

"She's thinking of her brother Harry," her mother would say, in explanation—"of how his partner killed him one night, four years ago, and ran off with all their savings. Polly thought everything of Jim, and it almost killed her. Don't talk to her about it."

Polly had plenty of suitors; in fact, she had rejected nearly every young man in the place.

Nevertheless, they were all her staunch friends, for her tenderness and truth won loyal respect that left no room for spite or malice.

There had lately, however, seemed to be an exception among the numerous aspirants for Polly's favor. Harry Fenton, a prosperous young farmer, had entered the lists, and seemed to be in a fair way to gain the coveted prize of Polly's affections.

Harry was a manly fellow, and if his apparent good luck excited envy, the feeling was smothered in the thorough goodwill with which everybody regarded him.

But a cloud had come over Henry Fenton's prospects. He rode into town on horseback one evening, dismounted, and sought out Polly.

They took a walk on the outskirts of the town.

Harry's face wore a despairing look, and he seemed almost to stagger under a load of despondency.

"It seems too bad, Polly, that you should throw me over for that yellow-haired stranger whom they called 'Handsome Jim'?"

"Well," answered Polly "he is handsome. You can't dispute that."

"Oh, yes, he's handsome enough, with his flowing locks and his pale face. And to think that you should be caught by the good looks of a stranger who may be, for all we know, some villain——"

"There, Harry! Hush! You don't know what you are talking about."

There was a sudden harshness in Polly's tone, and a look of pain, almost terror, in her face.

She trembled, too, and clutched Harry's arm nervously.

The latter said, with some bitterness, "Well, I won't hurt your feelings by speaking ill of him. But it is crushing me. I have no heart for anything. I shall sell my stock, and move as far away from here as I can get. I had a good offer yesterday."

"Don't do anything in haste, Harry; you might regret it. But I must go back home. It's no use for us to talk. Good-night."

"I'll walk back with you."

"No, please, don't. I want to have a few minutes to myself."

"Just as you prefer," retorted Harry.

And, in a white heat of anger, he turned quickly away, and left Polly alone so suddenly that she had nothing to do but turn about and wend her way homeward.

When Polly had nearly reached her home, she was met by the man who had come between her and Harry Fenton. He had not been misnamed "Handsome Jim," for he was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, with pale, perfect features, long, light-colored, curling hair that nearly swept his shoulders, and blue eyes that were both tender and daring.

He was dressed in a black velvet suit, with a broad slouch hat that set off his good looks to the best advantage.

Handsome Jim sprang forward and greeted Polly tenderly, and she responded to his words with a bright smile. Then they wandered in the moonlight for an hour, conversing ceaselessly and earnestly.

When they finally parted, and Polly turned to enter her house, her companion said—

"Then it is all settled for to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"I will be at the appointed place with the carriage."

"And I will not fail to join you."

Then there were tender "good-nights," and in another moment Polly was in her own room.

The next night at ten o'clock a carriage left Digby. It was drawn by two horses, and there was a driver outside.

Within, a lamp swung from the top, throwing a pale light on two occupants. One was "Handsome Jim," and a look of exultation beamed from his face. Opposite him sat Polly Bender, whose eyes were bright with excitement. The two were conversing in animated style and laughing merrily.

"To-morrow we will be at the parson's, and the knot will be tied," said "Handsome Jim." "I have got the bishop's license. Won't you give me one kiss, Polly?"

"Not until we are married," replied Polly, decidedly.

And her companion evidently knew better than to urge her.

Amid a running conversation, the carriage jogged along over the rough road towards the Rectory.

When within a mile of the end of their journey, Polly said:

"The lamp needs trimming Jim. Take hold of the bottom with one hand, and turn up the light with the other."

Jim obeyed, and reached above his head, thus bringing both hands near together. He did not notice a certain eager look in Polly's eyes, nor a movement for her hands beneath her wraps.

But the next instant he experienced a shock of surprise. He felt cold steel on his wrists, and heard two sharp clicks. He had been handcuffed so quickly that he had hardly realized what had happened.

"Sit down, Jim!"

The words came from Polly, but her voice was cold, hard, and stern. He obeyed mechanically.

"What's all this? What do you mean?" he exclaimed, and perceived immediately afterwards that Polly was seated opposite him, with a revolver in her hand.

"Don't move," said Polly, quietly, but with a look of cool determination, while her eyes were fixed steadily on his. "You know very well I can handle a pistol, and you see that I have you in my power. I sha'n't kill you, but if you make the slightest disturbance I'll shatter both of your arms, and put bullet-holes in your legs. I mean exactly what I say, and want you to listen to me."

"Is this a joke, Polly?"

"You shall soon judge, for I will speak briefly. To begin with, my name is not Polly Bender, but Polly Shattuck. Ah! that name seems to touch you! My mother married a second time, you see, and people got to calling me by her name. I once had a brother named Harry Shattuck, and he had a partner named—well, never mind his name now. That partner murdered and robbed my brother one night. Poor boy! he lived only a few hours, but that was long enough to tell me all about it. What makes you wince so, 'Handsome Jim?' You must be frightened, for you have no conscience. Take care! don't move!"

The revolver still covered him. The carriage rumbled steadily along towards the Rectory.

"You are the man that killed my brother! I know it by the scar on your neck and the tattooed anchor on your breast, which I saw one day when the wind blew your hunting shirt open. I watched you and laid my plans. Do you think I would let you escape? Oh, no!"

Handsome Jim still stared at her in a dazed manner.

"I think I have said enough," added Polly. "No, not a word. I do not wish to hear you speak."

And still her eyes were bent on him with an inflexible, merciless gaze.

An hour later, Handsome Jim was secure in prison. He turned out to be a noted desperado.

Polly was driven home again, and there she broke down. Her nervous force had exhausted itself, and it was a week before she recovered.

Meantime, it became known throughout Digby how she had captured her brother's murderer and taken him to prison, and she was the heroine of that day.

And Harry Fenton, when he next met her, was satisfied with her greeting. But even after they were married she would not speak of "Handsome Jim," and made no comment when it was announced one day that he had been shot dead while attempting to escape from prison.

PROTECTING ANIMALS FROM FLIES.—At this season of the year the annoyance caused to animals by flies and mosquitoes often amounts to positive agony, and at all times, in what is called good corn weather, it is sufficient to prevent the stock eating enough to keep them in good condition.

The animals will stand in the water or pass the greater part of the day in the shade, rather than expose themselves to the sunshine, going out to eat only when driven by hunger. They quickly lose flesh, the flow of milk shrinks, and a loss is incurred that cannot be easily made good again.

At all times a good feed of grain is beneficial to stock, but it is especially so when flies are very annoying, since it will do much to prevent shrinkage of flesh and milk. Horses and milch cows may be protected, in a great measure at least, by wiping them all over with a sponge dipped in soapsuds in which a little carbolic acid has been mixed. Bulls confined in stables often suffer enough from the attacks of flies to drive them half mad, and there is no doubt that the continued fretting caused in this way develops a savage disposition. The most satisfactory results have followed from sponging, with soapsuds and carbolic acid mixed, a Jersey bull confined in a stall.

Scientific and Useful.

COAL-DUST.—There has been patented a method of utilizing coal-dust, or slack, which is said to form a convenient and efficient form of fuel. The patentee mixes the dust with an adhesive solution made of water, ground-rice paste, and silicate of soda. The mass is well incorporated in a mixing-machine, and is then moulded into blocks. It is curious to note that fuel in block form, although it has been used for a great many years on shipboard, has only very lately been employed in the domestic fire-grate.

AUTOMATIC DRINKS.—Another of those automatic apparatus which now seem to have become a popular institution, will soon be placed at railway stations. The machine will undertake to supply the public with what is known as a "cooler," in the shape of a draught of iced lemonade, ginger beer, or other summer beverage. The mechanism is of a very ingenious kind, and if it does not prove too intricate and involved when in use, there will probably be a great demand for these "automatic" drinks, which are to be delivered to the public in an effervescing state.

THE FOOD.—Nitrogenous, or flesh-forming foods, such as lean meat, unbolted flour, oatmeal, eggs, cheese, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, spinach, asparagus, and artichokes, are most suitable for those who work rapidly with intervals of rest. Carbonaceous, or heat giving foods, such as the inner part of cereals, fat meat, milk, liver, honey, grapes, peas, beans, potatoes, beets, carrots, and parsnips, are the best diet for hard, steady workers and for invalids suffering from wasting diseases. Brain-workers should subsist chiefly on light and digestible articles, such as fish, oysters, fruit, and game, and vegetables containing mineral salts in excess.

ELECTRIC WIND-MILLS.—A Scotch professor recently read an interesting paper dealing with the production of electricity by wind power, before the Glasgow Philosophical Society. During last summer he had an opportunity of making a practical experiment. He erected a small wind-mill for supplying electric light by means of storage cells to a small cottage in the village where he spent his summer holiday. The wind-mill was of the old English type, and was erected in the garden. The dynamo was driven directly from the fly-wheel by means of a rope, and a workable speed was attained even when the wind-mill moved at a comparatively slow speed. The current from the dynamo was employed to charge twelve electric-power storage cells, which supplied ten eight-candle incandescent lamps in the cottage.

Farm and Garden.

INSECTS.—We need to study the habits of insects more. Nearly all the insects which injure the farmer and fruit-grower have their parasites, which would keep the enemy in check if properly encouraged.

SEED.—If you wish to raise seed from any favorite plant, only the earliest and finest clusters should be allowed to ripen, and those which come later cut off, so that the whole strength of the plant may go to the maturing of the seed.

HINTS.—One cock with ten to fifteen hens, one drake with six ducks, one gobbler with twenty hen turkeys.——An exchange recommends sheep for feeding the orchards rather than swine. They leave no safe cover for insects to breed and will keep the orchard healthy and the trees manured.

CATERPILLARS.—A fruit-grower in Maine was in the habit of having his boy climb his apple trees to destroy the tent caterpillars as soon as they had appeared, but for some time he had failed to secure them all. A little investigation showed them that they fell in the middle of the forenoon and the middle of the afternoon. By gathering the nests early in the morning and late in the evening effectual work was done.

STOCK.—Insects are quickly attracted to all kinds of decomposing material, and the manure of the stables should be removed early in the morning, in order to prevent annoyance to stock. If the floors are of earth they should be scraped at least once a week and fresh earth applied. The urine is rich in ammonia and quickly decomposes, hence plenty of absorbent material should be used.

WEEDS.—The warm days are fatal to weeds if the cultivator be used. Weeds, like regular crops, demand moisture, and when they are disturbed in dry weather, with their roots even partially exposed, they quickly perish. If the ground be cultivated after a rain the weeds will sometimes grow up again, but such is not the case during a dry season. Hence thorough cultivation during dry weather not only kills the weeds but enables the growing crop to better withstand the drought.

STABLE RULES.—The following rules are said to be enforced in a large livery stable in New York city. They will answer just as well for the stables of the farmer: "First—No man will be employed who drinks intoxicating liquors. Second—No man must speak loud to any of the horses, or in the stable where they are. Horses of good blood are nervous; and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse in the stable that hears it. Excited words addressed to one horse are felt by every other horse that hears them, and keeps them all nervous and uneasy. Third—No man may use profane language in the hearing of the horses."

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 14, 1883.

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Volume Sixty-eighth.

With this issue THE SATURDAY EVENING POST begins the volume that puts it almost within reach of the great limit of at least human existence—three-score and ten, and on such an occasion we venture to say its example proves that the same rules which mainly result in long life when applied to men in general, is also true when applied to enterprises. The youth starting out with definite ideas of what is right, and living up to them as well as is permitted him, stands the better chance of attaining a good and fair old age. In like manner the work that is laid upon a proper corner stone, and carried on with care and judgment, surprises none that it reaches both fulness of years and honors. Looking at the nearly seven times ten years of THE POST in the light of these truths, the reasons for its extended and healthy existence are plain. It has always tried to be a good moral family journal, in the best sense of the word. Intended to instruct as well as amuse, from 1821 down it has ever sought to cling to these landmarks. More than two generations of readers have since passed away, and the principles it held and practiced during that period have only been confirmed and strengthened with every passing twelve month. And now, almost on the eve of its seventieth birthday, it renews the pledges of its youth and later decades, promising to all its readers and subscribers—young and old, present and future—that its sole effort will be, if possible, to be more useful, more entertaining and better in every respect, if effort can make it so, than it even has been in its honored past.

The Question of Economy.

To try to make a little money go a long way, and do a great deal, is the life task of many men and more certainly of many a woman. No one would say it was delightful work, but few will deny that it is more enjoyable when it is a success than when it is a failure.

There is always a sense of satisfaction to be obtained out of being able to say "something attempted, something done," even though that something is nothing more important than gaining a few cents by saving them.

Some people have an idea that it is very degrading to make small economies, and that the habit of making these economies is the sign of a small mind.

This does not follow by any means. As a rule it is the people who have the habit of saving in small things who are able to give largely, while people who are lavish and careless about small things land themselves and every one connected with them in poverty.

Systematic saving prevents waste, but it also promotes comfort. Extravagant people run through their means, and then have to pinch in various uncomfortable ways to make up; but thrifty people are more likely to be able to provide liberally what is required.

It is the trifles which cost money. The large expenses of life we prepare for, but the etceteras connected therewith fasten themselves on, and place us in difficulties almost before we know it.

To achieve small economies, therefore, the great thing is to watch ourselves, and cure ourselves of the habit of buying trifles. One way of doing this is to give up the practice of carrying the purse in the pocket. This is an effectual way of preventing ourselves buying what is unnecessary.

It occasionally leads to inconvenience without doubt, but also there is no doubt that it leads to economy.

To resolve never to buy anything on the instant is a great help to economy. Foolish purchases are generally made thoughtlessly. When money is scarce it is worth while to give a little thought before we part with it.

Paying ready money is a sovereign remedy against extravagance. When we buy goods and take credit from the tradesman we get them easily; sometimes too easily for honesty. If we think economy mean, we must feel that debt is meaner.

When we run into debt we compel others without their consent to pay the price of our gratification. This is decidedly unfair. Conduct of this sort cannot be described as generous and noble.

Keeping a strict account of expenditure is a great assistance to economy, chiefly because account-keeping shows us to ourselves as we are.

A clever housekeeper once said that account-keeping to be of real service ought to be a faithful record of mistakes. If, when writing down our expenditure, we were to make notes in the margin, which should serve as signals of rocks on which we had run aground, the existence of those particular rocks would be impressed upon our memory. Accounts of this kind would be so entertaining that they would tempt one to turn back to them from time to time, and so the lessons set down would be learnt off by heart.

One of the most effectual ways of effecting small economies is to prevent small wastes. The number of directions in which waste can easily occur in domestic management is so large that it baffles description. Convince every one in the house that waste is sinful and not to be permitted.

"Wilful waste makes woeful want," not only for the person who suffers immediate loss, but also for the person whose unchecked heedlessness has caused the waste, and who is acquiring habits which it will be very difficult to throw off.

The utilization of odds and ends of food is an excellent way of making small economies, of the importance of which we are often told. Any one with half an idea can prepare a good dinner out of costly material, but to make an excellent dinner out of very little requires intelligence if not genius. Who can overestimate the value of skilful cookery? As Dr. Smiles once said, "Whom God hath joined together, ill-cooked dinners very often put asunder."

If any are inclined to maintain that the value of small economies is overrated, let them buy a child's save-all box, make a resolution that they will economize for one month in little ways whenever it is possible, then drop the sums thus saved into the box. At the end of the month they will probably find themselves possessed of a sum which will astonish them.

CONSIDER what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

THERE is no disposition more agreeable to others than good humor. It is to the mind what good health is to the body, putting a man in the capacity of enjoying everything that is agreeable to life, and of using every faculty without clog or impediment. It disposes to contentment with our lot, to benevolence to all men, and to sympathy with the distressed. It presents every object in the most favorable light, and disposes us to avoid giving or taking offence.

CHARACTER is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general good will and respect of men; and they who invest in it, though they may not become rich in this world's goods, will find their reward in esteem and reputation fairly and honorably won. And it is right that in life good qualities should tell; that industry, virtue and goodness should rank the highest, and that the really best men should be the foremost.

TO-MORROW may never come to us. We do not live in to-morrow. We cannot find it in any of our title-deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility, not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.

SURELY you will not calculate any essential difference from mere appearances; for the light laughter that bubbles on the lip often mantles over brackish depths of sadness, and the serious look may be the sober veil that covers a divine peace. You know that the bosom can ache beneath diamond brooches; and how many blithe hearts dance under coarse wool!

BEAUTY depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movement or expressions which stamp their character upon it.

I KNOW not why we should delay our tokens of respect to those who deserve them, until the heart that our sympathy could have gladdened has ceased to beat. As men cannot read the epitaphs inscribed upon the marble that covers them, so the tombs that we erect to virtue often only prove our repentance that we neglected it when with us.

IF you wish particularly to gain the good graces and affection of certain people, men or women, try to discover their most striking merit, if they have one, and their dominant weakness, for every one has his own, then do justice to the one, and a little more than justice to the other.

I NEVER love those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contentions. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one. I have always found that to strive with a superior is injurious; with an equal, doubtful; with an inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.

IT is this unquiet self-love that renders us so sensitive. The sick man, who sleeps ill, thinks the night long. We exaggerate, from cowardice, all the evils which we encounter; they are great, but our sensibility increases them. The true way to bear them is to yield ourselves up with confidence to God.

WHEN men are most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have then given views to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.

Do not justify all your actions. Do not appreciate the things as they touch you the nearest, and have not your eyes always fixed upon yourself.

NEITHER human applause nor human censure is to be taken as the test of truth; but either should set us upon testing ourselves.

OUR true acquisitions lie only in our charities. We gain only as we give.

The World's Happenings.

Washington has a "Doubtful Club."

Horses are run in Australia without shoes.

"Cluck" is the restaurant name for a fresh egg.

Kuang Hsu, Emperor of China, is 18 years of age.

Musket balls were legal tender as farthings in Boston in 1635.

Atlanta, Ga., obliges its bootblacks to pay a license of $4.20.

A "boarding-house for whooping-cough children" is the latest.

Mrs. Garfield's income from various sources is estimated at $25,000 per annum.

The Hudson River is so full of herrings that in some places steamboats move with difficulty.

The first idea of electricity was given by the friction of two globes covered with quicksilver, in 1667.

The steamship Etruria made the trip from Liverpool to New York recently in a trifle over six days.

One member has introduced a bill in the English Parliament "to prevent the gathering of wild flowers."

A circus elephant had to be covered with mustard the other day to ease his pains, and it took 22 pounds to do it.

Mr. Cleveland is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and Mr. Thurman is the son of a Methodist minister.

A Montgomery, Ala., man coughed up a pin that he had swallowed 47 years ago, when a child 7 years of age.

A blooming brave and a blushing squaw were married by a Presbyterian minister at Pierre, D. T., a few days ago.

The Emperor of Brazil's bill for one month's living expenses for himself and suite at Milan, Italy, amounted to $80,000.

Turnpikes were originated in 1267, the sum of one penny having to be paid for each wagon passing through a certain manor.

The city of Paris has a society for the protection of young men who have lost their latch keys and cannot get into the house.

A Lafayette, Ga., a pair of wrens have utilized for a nest a pocket in a coat that was left hanging under the piazza of a house.

A prominent Massachusetts clergyman says that "there are in that State 300 needless churches wasting the Lord's money."

An Indianapolis woman has become insane through fear that her husband, who had been bitten by a dog, would be attacked with hydrophobia.

Another use for doors has been found by a Newark citizen. He tore one from its hinges and threw it at a man with whom he got into an altercation.

A Chicago parrot scared away a burglar who was trying to effect an entrance through a window, by crying in a shrill voice, "Come off the perch!"

A woman was passing through the grand hall of the Glasgow exhibition a few nights ago with a baby in her arms, when the band began to play. The child screamed with fright and died.

The wholesale poisoning of dogs which has been customary in Chicago every summer is to be stopped, and a pound is to be established. It is estimated that there are about 40,000 dogs in the city.

Miss Charlotte Spalding, a school teacher, has sued a New York chiropodist for $25,000 damages—to her affections? No; to her pet toe. The chiropodist ruined the toe in his mad efforts to uproot a corn.

The word bandanna comes from a Hindustani word meaning a mode of dyeing, in which the fabric is tied in knots so as to exclude the color from the knotted portions, and thus produce white spots.

In consequence of the increase of hydrophobia, dogs are not to be allowed in the streets of Paris, except in the leash. An offending dog will be seized, and unless wearing a collar with his owner's name will be destroyed.

Orlando, Fla., rejoices in a colored woman who says she is 105 years old. "For about 90 years she has used tobacco in some form or other, and occasionally takes a dose of spirits mixed with about one-third of beef's gall."

A moccasin having been killed near Smithville, Ga., some boys, out of curiosity, made a post-mortem examination of its body. To their amazement they discovered that it had swallowed a snake of length nearly equal to its own, less the head, which had been chewed off.

New York boys have a pleasing new pastime. They search the Central Park trees for cocoons, put the cocoons in boxes with gauze over the tops, and set the boxes on the window ledges in the sunshine. Upon emerging the beautiful butterflies are prisoners, and may be fed on sugar and other sweets.

Mrs. Wm. Sammons, of Randolph, Ark., the other day gave birth to four children—two boys and two girls, the former dying; and at about the same time Mrs. John Reed, of Tippah, Tenn., duplicated the remarkable occurrence, except that her little ones were not so equally divided in sex. Mrs. Sammons on a previous occasion gave birth to twins.

Burglars are likely to give the residence of Mrs. Hall, in Sabine Parish, La., a wide berth hereafter. Apprehending one of them trying to force open the window, she armed herself with a hatchet and took up a position close by. Shortly the hand of a man appeared, and, quick as a flash, she descended with her weapon. The burglar fled, but left three black finger as reminders of his visit.

FADED FLOWERS.

BY ELEANOR NINA NASH.

All through the day a mist was on the mountain,
The very air to me seemed burdened with black care;
Along the garden walks the South wind moaned and whispered
Only, "Beware, dear love—ah me, love, beware!"

And yet, when twilight fell, I listened for your footsteps;
I did not guess that for each day and week to be
Your presence would be missed within our quiet homestead,
Your sweet brave eyes had pierced God's wondrous mystery.

Not till I saw the harvest-fields deserted,
Not till I sadly knew your fav'rite rose was dead,
Could I believe that 'neath the tall white daisies
Mother and child were sleeping in a lonely bed.

A Man's Mistake.

BY JESSIE LEETE.

"OH, dear! I am so tired!"

"So tired, my darling? Well, never mind! It's all over now, and you will never have to go through it again, you know!"

The speakers were the sole occupants of a first-class carriage, in which they were rapidly whirling along towards London from the North.

One was a decidedly pretty girl of some nineteen or twenty years. Not even the fatigue of which she complained could deprive her face of its piquant vivacity, and the very protest of weariness was uttered with a vigor, telling of considerable force still in reserve in the slender frame.

Her companion was a man on the borders of middle age.

There was a certain out-of-door expression on his bronzed and bearded countenance, and a general suggestion of field sports in his largely-built figure, which stamped him at once as a country gentleman.

Perhaps kindness and honesty were more legibly written on his countenance than any great amount of intellectual power. One could not picture him pondering very deeply, for instance, over the "Mystery of Life," or becoming the shining light of a Browning Society. Yet his was a face which few women could have been trusted to criticise impatiently. At all times it was a good and pleasant countenance; and now, that it was radiant with the light of love, the brown eyes fairly brimming over with tenderness as they followed every movement of the daintily-arrayed figure by his side, no woman, at any rate, would have hesitated to pronounce Mr. Collingwood a handsome man.

A mischievous smile broke over his companion's face at his emphatic assertion of the final nature of the ceremony that day accomplished.

"Indeed, Jack? So you have quite made up your mind, that in the event of your quitting this mortal scene before me, I am to play the part of a Hindoo widow for the rest of my days? What a pity you did not insert a clause in those tremendously long, dry settlemnts, arranging a suttee in all due form!"

The shadow of a shade passed over her husband's face at her light rejoinder. She saw it at once, and placed her hand on his, in haste to heal the little wound.

"You didn't think I meant it, Jack, dear? You know that if you were to be taken from me——"

The eager protest got no further; it was cut short in a sudden, but not alarming manner.

The two had been married that morning in the village church where whole generations of Mr. Collingwood's forefathers lay sleeping.

In one respect it had been a singular wedding; the bride had neither partner nor relation to give her into her husband's care, nor even the poorest apology for a home from which to make her *debut* in her new life.

She was just a solitary waif cast upon the world's wide shore, and gathered up by Jack Collingwood into his big, simple heart, there to be guarded thenceforth with the tender reverence many a princess of the blood longs for in vain.

Kathleen Raymond had been the bosom friend of Mr. Collingwood's young step-sister in a Hanoverian "pensionnat de demoiselles."

The motherless daughter of an impecunious Irish officer, her father's sudden death had left the young girl singularly alone in the world, and when she quitted the "pensionnat" where she had known Mabel Collingwood, no other prospect lay before her but to join the great crowd of lonely women who are fighting for their own living.

But before beginning the much-dreaded search for employment, she had been persuaded by her more fortunate friend to take a long holiday among the hills and dales of Westshire.

The orphan girl received a warm welcome to the hospitable old Dower House, where Mabel lived with her widowed mother, and there the bright weeks of that summer slipped gently by in happy idleness.

And then a most wonderful, and yet exceedingly natural and simple thing happened.

Mabel's half-brother, the Squire of Annersley, the eligible bachelor of the country-side, the cynosure of every match-maker in the neighborhood, fell swiftly, irretrievably, head-over-ears in love with the penniless waif whom the Fates had cast up at his threshold.

There was no one living who had the right to say him nay in the matter, when once Kathleen's shy consent had been won, and the preparations for the marriage were hastened on as rapidly as possible.

To Mr. Collingwood himself it was a never-ending source of wonder that this consent should have been so easily and quickly gained. In his honest eyes Kathleen stood so far exalted above all ordinary human girls, so far removed from the crowd of young ladies whose attentions had often overwhelmed him with terror, it almost seemed to him that he took an undue advantage of her inexperience in linking her bright girlhood to his own more mature existence.

It is needless to say that this was not the view of the situation taken by the world in general, and in particular by the Squire's elder sister, who for years had been at the head of his bachelor household. When Jack, blushing and stammering like a lad of twenty, carried the news of his success to Miss Collingwood, he was received with an air of lofty consideration, and to the long story of hopes, doubts and delights, she replied with a cool—

"Of course, Jack."

"Why 'of course'?" asked her brother, sharply.

"Miss Raymond is a clever girl, Jack, and when the ball was actually laid at her feet, it was not likely she would fail to secure her advantage."

"She is not a whit more clever than good," answered the Squire. "She would not have accepted an emperor unless—unless she loved him as she loves me."

The Squire said it bravely, but he blushed again like a boy.

"There are few girls in Miss Raymond's position, Jack, who would fail to love the possessor of $5,000 a-year."

Mr. Collingwood left the room in speechless indignation.

The wedding was to take place from the Dower House.

Even the *trousseau* indispensable for the Squire's bride must be provided with the Squire's money.

Jack managed the matter through his step-mother with careful delicacy, and Kathleen was so silent about the matter, he hoped that, amid the many excitements of her new position, she scarcely realized that the costly toilettes and dainty appurtenances which accumulated so fast during the short engagement were each an all her lover's gift.

"She is like a child for simplicity and unworldliness," said the Squire, in reply to some caustic remark of his sister's, "and she takes what is provided for her just as unquestionably as a child does."

"Miss Raymond quite understands—no one better—how much better it is to leave some things unsaid, Jack. It would be so exceedingly awkward to thank you for your lavish generosity, no doubt! She has gauged the depth of your purse and your folly equally well!"

Mr. Collingwood turned resolutely from his writing and faced his sister.

"Bertha, if we are to remain friends, you must and shall drop these continued insinuations against the girl who will soon be my wife. You understand me?"

Gentle as he usually was, when the Squire did "speak his mind," few ventured to answer him back, and Miss Collingwood subsided into angry silence.

The wedding was celebrated with all the eclat which would have befitted the nuptials of an heiress, for thus the Squire willed it.

So bonfires blazed, bells clashed, banners decked the village street, villagers feasted, tenants danced, evergreens adorned the church, children strewed the bride's path with flowers. And all in honor of the girl who, only three short months before, had stood shivering on the threshold of a hard and lonely life of toil!

It was towards the close of that eventful day, that Kathleen Collingwood leant her throbbing head back against the cushions of the carriage, and the involuntary complaint escaped her lips at last: "I am so tired!"

Paris in August was unendurably hot and dusty, so the travellers hurried through its gay streets without a halt, scarcely pausing in their journey till Lucerne was reached.

Here they rested through long sunny days, and Jack tasted the full enjoyment of his new happiness. It was the very delight of his heart to surround his Katie with every conceivable pleasure, and he found her a delightful person to pet and make much of, for she was bright, easily pleased, and grateful for every most trifling attention.

They sailed the lake by sunlight and by moonlight, climbed the Rigi by half-a-dozen different routes, defied the storms of Mont Pilate, visited every shrine of William Tell, and explored every corner of the quaint old town, before they bade farewell to the Lake of the Four Cantons and took their way over the Brunig down to Interlaken.

When Kathleen stepped on to the balcony of her room in the big Interlaken hotel where Jack had taken her, she turned pale with excess of delight.

Before them the Jungfrau and her attendant giants rose majestically into their own calm region of silent beauty, their silhouettes sharply defined against the background of azure sky, closing in the lovely Lauterbrunnen Valley with a mighty rampart of peak and glacier.

Kathleen watched the sun set that night, and saw the famous "colorization" steal slowly over the dazzling snowfields, changing their silver radiance to a tender, pearly flush, like nothing else in nature.

"Can't we get nearer to them, Jack?" she asked in a whisper of hushed delight. "I would sleep in a hut and live on a crust if need be, just to be for awhile in the very heart of those mountains."

So Jack took her up the valley, and for a few days they were very happy in a little inn at the foot of the Stubbach. But before long, Kathleen said the giant cliffs on either side of the valley seemed pressing on her like prison walls, and begged to be taken "up higher."

Her word was law to her husband, so after two or three hours of a steep and rugged mountain path, they took up their abode at Murren, thousands of feet above their late dwelling-place, and level with the untracked snows of the great range across the valley.

Behind and above the narrow green shelf which affords room for the tiny Alpine hamlet rose "horns" beyond all power of counting or remembering, and below them pine-forests clothed the mountain sides with a mantle of sombre verdure. Here they decided to make a halt of several weeks.

It was during this stay at Murren that Mr. Collingwood was first puzzled by a certain indefinable change in Kathleen.

Not towards himself: to him her manner was gentle and affectionate as ever; but she grew quieter as the days went on, fonder of solitude, and often absent-minded.

Jack asked whether she found the place too dull.

"Certainly not," she answered, without hesitation. 'How could I be dull, Jack, with you?"

The glow on her cheek and the clear brightness of her eye vouched for bodily health not being in fault, so Jack told himself that the little change could only exist in his over-anxious imagination.

One thing, however, was plainly no fancy: Kathleen was fast losing the timidity of girlhood, and assuming the self-reliant dignity of her matronhood.

When her husband one day proposed, half-teasingly, to undertake a difficult ascent, which would necessitate his leaving her for at least two entire days, to his surprise she only made no objection to being left alone in the big hotel, but so urged him to carry out the idea that he was at last obliged to give way and depart.

The "ascension" was a most successful one—so the guides pronounced it, at any rate—occupying five or six hours less than the usual time allowed for it. But to Jack, undeniably the pleasantest moment of the whole excursion was the one in which he once again caught sight of the wooden balconies of the long, low hotel at Murren. Involuntarily he quickened his tired steps in his impatience to see Kathleen's flush of happy surprise at their unexpectedly speedy return.

She was not to be found, however, either in the garden or the salon, so he hastened up to her own room.

Neither was she there, though there were traces of her recent presence in the writing materials spread out on the table. The windows stood open, and the summer breeze had scattered some of her papers about the floor.

As Mr. Collingwood stooped to gather up the flying sheets, his eye was caught by a closely-written page of Kathleen's pretty writing. All things were common property now, and his eye rested on the page, at first just for the pleasure of seeing her hand again, then in awakened curiosity, then in utter bewilderment.

The letter was without formal commencement, and ran thus:—

"It would be wiser and better not to write this at all, but I cannot any longer bear the pain of knowing that the news of my marriage will find you wholly unprepared.

"Max, you will say I can never have loved you; and, if it will spare one useless pang of regret, it is well you should think so. Yet I did speak the truth when I told you no other could ever be to me what you were. I know I spoke truth by the very difficulty of forgetting now that it is sin to remember.

"But I was friendless and penniless, and long years must have gone by before we could even have dreamed of marriage: you confessed it yourself.

"How was I to live through these years? Some women, no doubt, would have been strong enough to fight the world alone and wait; but it was not in me. I was weak and frightened; and when a good, generous man offered me his hand and home, I resolved to forget the past and the foolish promises I had given. Blame me as little as you can, Max; or, better still, forget me altogether. I am not altogether unhappy. My husband is very kind and good to me and by-and-bye I hope to love him as he deserves. Good-bye, Max! May you one day win the love of a better woman than I can ever be!"

The letter fell from Mr. Collingwood's unnerved hand, fluttering quietly away again beneath the table as he left the room, and slowly, in half-dazed fashion, made his way to a quiet nook in the garden where Kathleen and he had spent many a happy hour together.

The discovery was a terrible blow to him. Like many men who had married rather late in life, he had found a special charm in the idea that the very first emotions of his young wife's heart had been awakened by his own wooing.

A hundred times he had exultingly said to himself, as his eyes rested on her fair girlish face—"She is all my own! No man before me could ever boast possession of one tiniest corner of her heart! Never has she even dreamed of any other love than mine!"

And he had been so certain, too, that she stood on a pedestal of unworldliness which raised her far above the possibility of a mercenary thought or motive!

It was very bitter to awaken from his sweet dream to find that, after all, he had been married for a home; and for a little while his wrath ran high against the woman who had deceived him.

Thoughts of his sister's repeated warnings crowded upon his mind in unwelcome number. Why had not he heeded them more?

But never in his whole life had the Squire been able to keep his wrath at boiling-point through two consecutive hours, and before the last of the cigars in his case had gone the way of all tobacco, he was hard at work trying to frame excuses for Kathleen.

So young, so lovely, so gentle—was it any wonder she had shrunk from the life of toil and dependence which lay before her through the years of waiting? This "Max," too, who was he, after all, that she should sacrifice herself for his sake?

Some swaggering, beer-quaffing German student, who had sung sentimental "Standchen" under her window by night, and filled her school-girl head with romantic rubbish—rubbish which, however, even now stood in the way of her returning the love of an honest man.

How willingly would he have taught the fellow what a sound British horse-whipping meant!

When Kathleen at length returned from her walk, the Squire had thought out his future plan of action to his own entire satisfaction, and was prepared to meet his wife with calmness, if not with cheerfulness.

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On a sunny afternoon some six weeks later in the year, Mr. Collingwood was lying on his back under a tree in the chestnut forest which clothes the lower slopes of the Dent de Morcles.

Below, on the right, lay the little town of Bex, and in the distance beyond that, the gleaming waters of Lake Leman. To the left stretched the broad valley of the Rhone, rich in vineyards and orchards, with the Glacier du Trient rising into the sky for a background.

The turbid waters of the Rhone hurried along their channel almost at his feet, and on the other side of the valley rose the gleaming peaks and pinnacles of the Dent du Midi.

All this Mr. Collingwood might have seen from one of the forest clearings only a few hundred yards from where he lay. But he seemed to care for none of these things.

He lay on the close soft turf peculiar to the chestnut woods, gazing up into the great tree overhead with a troubled cloud on his honest face.

"After all, what else could I have done?" he muttered half aloud at last, as though in hope that his perplexed thoughts might grow clearer by giving them utterance.

"To a woman who had just written another man such a letter as that, any great demonstration of affection, even from a husband, could be nothing but an annoyance. I could see it bored her—why else did she grow so quiet and odd at Murren? At first, no doubt, the very novelty of the thing carried her along all right, but as that wore off she began to feel the chain drag a bit. So I thought I'd keep more in the background for a time—give her her head a bit—and then she'd see I didn't want to bother her, and get to feel more settled in her mind."

The Squire fidgeted restlessly on his soft, warm couch, in vain efforts after an easier posture.

"But somehow it doesn't work as well as I expected. Work well? why can't I be honest with myself, and say plainly that it is a miserable failure? We are just drifting farther and farther apart every day we live! Ever since the hour I read that confounded letter—I wish I'd tumbled over a precipice first!—everything has gone wrong between us. She gets more reserved and depressed day by day, and I—well, do what I may, I'm for ever thinking of that wretched bit of paper, and wondering where her thoughts really are just then. If I could but forget the thing, and see in her the true-hearted little Katie again!"

Mr. Collingwood made another fruitless attempt at comfort, then suddenly sprang to his feet with a strong exclamation.

"Why can't I be honest even with myself?" he said aloud, as he paced impatiently to and fro between the trees. "Why can't I say right out that I am eating my heart out with jealousy because I've seen her watching for the post so eagerly of late? If only I could be sure that scoundrel had dared to write to her, I'd shoot him, if I knew I should hang for it!"

As he uttered the words, Mr. Collingwood perceived at a little distance the tall, slender figure of his wife. She wore a dress of some soft grey stuff which fell around her with almost nun-like effect; her head was covered only by a little lace kerchief, for the forest ran close up to their little mountain "pension," and they were within a few hundred yards of its door.

As the Squire, himself unseen, watched her slow, languid steps and pensive face, a great longing to take her into his arms, and kiss the color back to her pale cheek again, awoke in his heart, and he advanced quickly towards her.

But as he did so he saw in her hand an open letter, and with a sudden misgiving he stopped abruptly.

It was too late; his step had caught her ear, and he saw her hurriedly return the letter to her pocket as she came forward.

"I was looking for you, Jack," she said as they met. "There is something I want to ask you, but—but——"

The pause was more eloquent than words. The Squire took his courage in both hands and resolved to face his fate bravely.

"Come and sit down here," he said quietly, pointing to a seat beneath one of the low, wide-spreading chestnuts, and placing himself beside her. There were a few minutes of uncomfortable silence, broken presently by Kathleen.

"I have wanted to tell you something particular for some days past, Jack—but it never seemed the right time."

"Have I made myself so very formidable to you?" asked Jack, with a sorry attempt at a smile.

"Not formidable, exactly—but—different, very different."

Kathleen paused again, and then went on in broken, hurried tones.

"I know I am not half worthy of all the love you gave me once, Jack, dear—but, oh! don't take it quite from me, for it is all I have in the world!"

There were tears in her quivering voice, and the Squire felt an answering lump in his own throat as he replied:

"My poor little Katie!"

That was all he could get out for a minute: then he cleared his throat, and went on:

"No fear of my love being taken from you, Katie, if only you will be open with me. But try to trust me—don't keep back your confidence from me!"

"Keep back my confidence? What do you mean, Jack? I have never kept anything from you—except one thing."

"Except one thing," echoed the Squire in his turn. "But to keep back one thing, Kathleen, is more than enough to work mischief between husband and wife."

Kathleen hung her head, blushing like a scolded schoolgirl.

"I didn't mean any harm, Jack! I always meant to tell you all about it some day, only you have been so distant and cold——"

She paused again.

Her husband took pity on her confusion.

"Suppose I were to tell you, Kathleen, that I know what you have to tell me already?"

"You know it already? But how?" stammered his wife.

"I found some writing in your room one day, and I read it before I saw that it was private."

The Squire's tone grew harder in spite of himself as he recalled the misery of that day.

Kathleen looked up inquiringly, but her eyes sank again as she saw the cold, set look of his face, and there was a minute's silence before she timidly spoke.

"Were you so angry, Jack?"

"Not angry, but bitterly hurt that you should have kept the thing a secret from me. Could you not have trusted me, Kathleen? Could you not have trusted me?"

"I—I never dreamt you would mind so much!"

"Not mind? What do you think I am made of, Katie?"

"I really didn't think there was any harm in it, Jack, dear."

The big brown eyes met his so trustfully and appealingly that Mr. Collingwood's heart melted within him.

After all, what was she but a child? Her very words proved how lightly she regarded the whole matter. Yet even then there rang in his ears the words of the letter to her deserted lover to give the lie to the excuse he was framing for her.

"I want to tell you all about it, Jack," she said presently. "And I want to show you a letter, and ask you how I ought to answer it."

"Don't answer it at all," said her husband sharply.

"Oh, Jack! I must send some answer! What will he think of me, if I do not?"

"I don't care what he thinks. I distinctly forbid you to answer it."

The bright eyes filled with tears as she vainly looked for some token of relenting in the Squire's set and grave countenance.

"He is a gentleman, you must remember, dear—and it is such a nice letter!"

Her husband gazed at her, half bewildered by the coolness with which she placed the open letter in his hand.

"Am I to read this?" he asked coldly.

"Of course you are, Jack."

This was the letter the Squire read:—

"DEAR MADAM,—I have much pleasure in informing you that your story, 'A Bad Beginning,' has been accepted, and will appear in an early number of——. I shall be glad at any time to read any story you may wish to submit to me. Would you be disposed to try your hand at a serial?

"I am, etc."

A sudden blaze of light broke on the Squire's perturbed mind.

"Tell me, Katie, isn't there some fellow called 'Max' in your story?" he demanded, so abruptly that Kathleen jumped with surprise.

"Max? Yes; Max is the hero—the tender-hearted, absorbed genius who falls in love with a frivolous, mercenary little wretch of a girl. She half breaks his heart and nearly wrecks his life; but I've paid her out for it all in the end!"

Mr. Collingwood took his wife in his arms, and covered her face with penitent kisses.

"How could I be such a fool?—how could I be such a fool?" he reiterated a dozen times as he held her close to his heart. But when he saw that Kathleen was looking really anxious, he forced himself into some degree of calmness, and spoke coherently again.

"Oh, my darling, I owe you such worlds of penitence and shame I can never, never humble myself enough before you! If you never forgave me at all for my miserable folly, it would only be exactly what I deserved. But you must forgive me, my Katie; indeed, I have been punished enough by the misery of the past six weeks. How could I be so foolish? But, oh, Katie, what did possess you to write that letter on your own notepaper, and leave it lying in your own room for me to find?"

"What letter can you mean, Jack?"

"The letter in which that girl tells your 'Max' of her marriage. That was the paper I found!"

"And you thought—— Oh, Jack!"

Kathleen's eyes met her husband's for one moment in reproachful astonishment, then they fell again, in shame for the man who had so little faith in his own chosen love.

She was silent for some few minutes, and these minutes were as bitter as any the Squire had ever known. Presently she spoke again, very quietly.

"I wrote out that letter on note-paper just to see what length it really was, and how it read in that form. When did you find it?"

"The day I came came back to Murren from that long expedition."

"So long ago as that? Oh, Jack, if you had only asked me about it at once!"

"Didn't I tell you I was the biggest fool alive?"

But, woman-like, Kathleen would let no one blame him but herself.

"No—it was partly my fault too. I ought not to have had even so little a secret as that from you. But I knew you would laugh at me so dreadfully if you knew I had been trying to write. If the tale had not been accepted, I should never have said a word about it to anyone."

"Thank heaven, then, that it was accepted!" said Jack fervently, a pang darting through his heart as he remembered the gulf which had steadily been widening between them.

"I am very glad, you may be sure," said Kathleen, with her old merry smile. "You can't think how intensely I long to earn some money!"

"What on earth for? You know if your allowance is not sufficient, you have only to say so!"

"Yes, but that is not one bit what I want! You've no idea, I see, what a proud little monkey I am, and how it galled my pride to the quick to take all these things"—touching her pretty grey costume—"from you before even we were married!"

"My darling! I hoped you had never thought about it at all!"

"I thought about it constantly, Jack. I knew it was no good making a fuss. Your wife must have such things, and there was no possibility of my getting the money to pay for them. If the beggar-maid was so mean-spirited as to let King Cophetua put her on his throne, she must perforce submit to be tricked out at his expense. But I vowed I would save every possible shilling of my allowance, and pay you back for them as soon as I could. And then, when we were living so quietly at Murren, the idea struck me that I might, perhaps, earn a few dollars by the turn I have always had for story-writing. And you see I have succeeded, Jack! Now, what may I answer to Mr. Editor's question about the serial story?"

"You may write a new 'Percy Vere, in forty volumes,' if you like, you witch! What must you have thought of my idiotic behavior?" asked Jack, as he kissed the little hand lying in his big palm.

"I just thought you were finding out what a mistake you had made in marrying a poor little penniless nobody. Ah, Jack, I have been very, very miserable! But it is all over now, and will soon be all forgotten."

"No," began Jack, "I can never forget what a blind, stupid——"

But his wife laid her soft lips to his, and sealed her forgiveness with a long kiss.

"You shall not abuse yourself any more, Jack. After all, your mistake was a very natural one."

"But why could I not have had the sense to question you at once?"

"Ah, why, indeed! That, Jack, was just 'a man's mistake.'"

Two of Them.

BY W. B. J.

WHEN the new factory was completed in the pleasant town of Middleton, and the smoke began to curl upward from the lofty chimney, the residents of that hitherto quiet little place looked upon the solid brick structure with pardonable pride.

The owner of the factory was a stranger to the town, and all that was certainly known about him was that he was a Mr. John Smith, reported very wealthy, and a bachelor. Personally, one could see that he was a fine looking man of about five-and-thirty, of medium height, and pleasant in manner.

Jenny Marston's lithe and *petite* figure was seen among the first comers, and her pretty face brought sunshine with it into the new place, as it had done in the old. Her deft fingers had lost none of their former dexterity, and her heavy golden hair formed a pleasing contrast to the snowy clouds that surrounded her.

Jenny was a great favorite among the girls, which is saying much for her temperament and sunny disposition.

While among the young men—ay, and the elders, too—she was a short of shrine towards which masculine homage flowed as naturally as the clear water in Middleton brook flowed toward the distant river. She had a cheery word for everyone about her, and for twenty-five years she had been the idol of a widowed mother.

Cupid's darts had fallen thickly around her, but thus far had missed her heart, and she was, at the opening of the new mill, still fancy-free and heart-whole—a blithe, happy girl.

Ethel Carleton was the daughter of the only really well-to-do man in Middleton among the old residents.

She was passably good-looking, proud, and too haughty to associate with the factory girls. Her fingers were never soiled among the spindles and bobbins; she wrought on laces and ceramics in her father's luxurious home.

Mr. John Smith's advent in Middleton had naturally produced a fluttering in Ethel's breast, and though it was many weeks after his arrival before she met him, and then under peculiar circumstances, she heard flattering reports of him; and her elder friends began to whisper in her ear, "A splendid match, my dear!"

"How do you like Mr. Smith?" said Nettie Jones to her friend, Jenny Marston, one day at their dinner-hour, after the factory had been running for several weeks.

"Which Mr. Smith do you mean?" said Jenny, blushing slightly, in the consciousness that her employer had shown her some delicate marks of favor.

"Which Mr. Smith, to be sure!" retorted Nettie, laughing. "How many Mr. Smiths are there at the head of this concern?"

"Why, there are two Mr. Smiths; and they are both John Smiths. The proprietor, and the book-keeper, his nephew. Did you not know that, Nettie?" said Jenny.

"Well, of all things!" said Nettie, clasping her hands with a look of astonishment. "Well, then, how do you like the proprietor, who seems to like you pretty well, if I'm any judge of things?"

"Oh!" said Jenny, indifferently, "I like him well enough. He's pleasant."

Mr. John Smith, senior, as we shall have to call him, in contradistinction to the nephew, was more than pleasant to Jenny; he was tender; but his intercourse with her was marked by gentlemanlike delicacy that could not offend.

John Smith, junior, was a dashing young fellow of twenty-six or seven, and was as popular in his way as the elder John was in his.

To Ethel Carleton, the existence of two Mr. John Smiths in the little town was as yet unknown.

But John, junior, had not been many days in the place before his assurance and tact had brought him an introduction in the Carleton mansion. He was not slow to follow up the opportunity, and without any idea that he was being mistaken by the fair heiress for his uncle, he made such good use of his natural gifts of good looks, conversational powers, and unabashed persistency, that before two weeks had passed he was the admitted suitor for the hand and heart of Ethel Carleton.

To Ethel this dashing young fellow was the Mr. John Smith, the mill-owner; and she really loved him for his personal qualities, his frank and winning manners.

"It must be a very great care, Mr. Smith, to have so many operatives to look after. To be at the head of such a business must require a great deal of knowledge and skill, and you must feel the responsibility."

John was somewhat taken aback, but, supposing she alluded to his responsibilities as book-keeper, he assented, and turned the conversation into a more pleasing channel.

John Smith, senior, was indefatigable in his attendance upon business, and now he was becoming as persistent and determined in his attentions to the fair Jenny.

He seemed never to weary in his efforts to win the affection of the pretty girl who had captured his heart.

As for Jenny, she had become suddenly subdued in her demeanor since the senior John Smith's attentions to her had become noticeable.

Her naturally buoyant spirits seemed to be weighted down against her will, and though she struggled heroically to assume the old familiar cheerfulness in her intercourse with her fellow workers, she could not conceal the change that affected her.

She knew by this time that her employer's manner bore marked and unmistakable evidence of the delicate attentions of the lover; and—if she must confess it to herself alone—she knew, also, that she was just on the verge of losing her heart to him.

But a maidenly reserve and caution led her to refrain from any outward manifestation of what was going on in her breast. Not even to her bosom friend, Nettie Jones, did she confess the state of feeling that existed, notwithstanding the latter had ceased to joke her upon the subject, and strove by every delicate means to soften the pain that her conspicuous position caused her.

While Jenny was more subdued and guarded in her demeanor, she still carried sunshine to other hearts around her.

Mr. Carleton came home, one evening, radiant with smiles, and announced to Ethel that they would have the honor of receiving a visitor that evening in the person of Mr. Smith.

"Oh, I know him already, papa," said the girl, blushing with pleasure.

"You know him, Ethel? How can that be, when he regretted not having had the pleasure of visiting us before?"

"Why, papa——"

Then she paused, perplexed.

"Perhaps it's an eccentricity of his, and he wants to surprise papa by the avowal of his love for me," she thought.

Later in the evening, John Smith, senior, arrived, and was formally presented to Ethel as the proprietor of the great cotton mill.

Ethel's almost inarticulate greeting, her white face and generally confused manner, might have been attributed by the great man to awe at his presence, or to an ignorance of the ways of good society; but she speedily withdrew upon some pretext, and in the privacy of her own room shed bitter tears of disappointment at the mistake she had made in the identity of the two men.

Then, with a woman's reasoning, she threw all the odium and reproach of the disaster upon the innocent head of John, junior, who had never claimed any greatness for himself above the happiness of Ethel's unselfish love.

There was, in consequence, a stormy scene at Mr. Carleton's the following evening, when the younger John Smith presented himself, with an affable smile and a warm greeting.

"You hypocrite!" said Ethel, with a freezing look, refusing his proffered hand.

John was amazed and shocked. The world seemed suddenly to be shaken with a convulsion.

He passed his hand over his eyes, as though he would dispel any optical illusion, and then he stared at Ethel.

"My dear, what have I done to incur——"

"Oh, yes, of course! What haven't you done?" she returned.

"Really, I don't understand how——"

"Certainly not," exclaimed Ethel, grow-

ing more excited and more unreasonable. "You can't understand how you came here and represented yourself as John Smith!"

"Good gracious! My dear girl, what name should I have come here with?"

"With your own, you base hypocrite!"

"It is my own. Darling, you are excited," said John, rubbing his temples, as though trying to recollect whether he ever had any other name or not. "John Smith is the name I have always been known by."

"What!" almost shrieked the astonished girl, starting up from her seat. "Do you mean to tell me that there are two Mr. John Smiths who own the mill?"

"Oh, no!" said the young man, with a vacuous smile, and rubbing the seat of reason again, as though he would convince himself of his sanity. "I never told you that. My uncle, Mr. John Smith, is the proprietor of the concern, while I—well, I am only the book-keeper, and general over seer."

"But why did you not tell me that before?" gasped Ethel. "Why did you deceive me about your position?"

"I can't see, for the life of me, in what way I have deceived you," said the young John, nursing his head again. "I'm sure I never told you I was my uncle."

"But let me think so," said the girl, laughing at his ridiculous defence, in spite of his humiliation.

It was a terrible blow to John Smith, Junior, to find that he had been esteemed only as another man, and that he had not after all, won Ethel's heart on his own merits.

He had to go back and commence at the beginning again; but his genuine contrition and well-proven innocence gave him the victory once more; and Ethel, after all, liked him really and truly for himself.

The elder John Smith's suit seemed to prosper, and he had been on the eve of a declaration of his feelings to Jenny, when, in the course of true love, an unpleasant episode occurred, which temporarily interfered with his prospects, and deterred him from making a confession.

Busy tongues had imparted to Jenny the fact that Mr. John Smith was paying marked attentions to Ethel Carleton.

Jenny would gladly have disbelieved the report, had she not unfortunately seen with her own eyes Mr. John Smith, senior, coming out of the Carleton mansion, as she was going home, that very evening when poor Ethel had been so rudely disenchanted.

And, to make matters worse, Mr. John Smith, senior, had been seized by the demon jealousy recently, too. Mr. John, Junior, had been so unjustly accused and spurned by the irate Ethel, he flew for solace to the companionship of Jenny Marston.

Between these two there had existed a sort of freedom of acquaintance, mingled with none of that reserve which characterized the acquaintance of Jenny and the elder John.

Under the temporary banishment that John, junior, was forced to undergo from Ethel's presence, his friendship for Jenny was noted with suspicion by his uncle. The demon of unrest seemed about to take possession of this quartet, when a happy circumstance set matters to rights again, and made them all happy with their respective lots.

Mr. Carleton and his daughter had accepted an invitation from Mr. John Smith, senior, to visit the factory, and witness the operations going on there.

When Jenny Marston saw Ethel Carleton escorted through the room where she was at work, and contrasted their dresses, and noted the elder Mr. Smith's deferential manner towards Ethel, she was by no means at peace with herself, or the unconscious cause of her misery.

"Of course," she tried to argue with herself, "that the girl is a very likely person to attract a man like Mr. Smith, and in a suitable station in life for him to marry. But why has he wasted his time and attentions on me, then? Perhaps I have been foolish enough to mistake his kindness for something more serious."

But her womanly heart repudiated this last idea.

She was a woman, and her instincts could not have misled her into this false position.

"No; he has only trifled with me, to cast me off for a richer and more eligible girl," she thought.

Closely following the two came John Smith, junior, radiant with pleasure, and the quartette entered the private office together, and were shut out from sight of the toilers in the great room.

Jenny's face was very white now, and she trembled violently. Her fingers suddenly seemed all thumbs among the tangled net-work of threads before her. Her deep-drawn sigh, thanks to the remorseless machinery, was not heard.

"This is John Smith, junior, papa," said Ethel, nodding to the younger man.

"Hello!" said Mr. Carleton, in his surprise turning to him and then to the senior Smith. "So you have two John Smiths here, have you?"

John, senior, nodded pleasantly, and rapidly taking in the state of things existing between his nephew and Ethel, he quietly slipped out, and going to Jenny, brought her, somewhat reluctantly, to the office.

Before entering, however, he held a short, earnest conversation with her, in a low tone, the words of which we may not repeat, but the pale face had given place to a rosy one now.

He introduced her to the Carletons as one of the best and noblest young women he had ever known in any sphere of life, and as one for whom he had the greatest respect. To Mr. Carleton he said:

"I see that my nephew has laid a solid foundation in that young lady's heart"—pointing to Ethel—"and I am in hopes, though an old fellow, to be as fortunate with this young——"

But Jenny had fled in dismay, though not at all displeased at so public a declaration of the earnest intentions of her wealthy lover.

On trying to resume her delicate work, she made such wretched havoc with the filmsy thread that she had to abandon it under pretense of sudden illness, and leave of absence was readily granted her by her considerate employer, who even went so far as to accompany her to her home.

Ethel Carleton forgave John Smith, junior, as his wife is a great success, and does not even wish he were his uncle.

As for Jenny, all Middleton congratulates her, and there is not a dissenting voice to the assertion that "John Smith might have looked longer and further for a wife and fared worse."

Mrs. John Smith, senior, is now doubly dear to every resident of the place, and has the means to add substantial blessings to every smile and every ray of sunshine that she bestows on the needy and suffering classes.

And it is better thus, financially, every way. Mr. Carleton has ample wealth for John, junior, and the elder Smith provides liberally for Jenny and her mother.

Mungo.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

MY friends often ask me how it is that I can show so much attachment towards Mungo, a hideous little dog who is my companion in my walks, and trots at my heels just as if there was nobody and nothing else he cared for in the world.

From an esthetic point of view, I confess Mungo is a complete failure; and from the same standpoint I might be regarded as a person of deplorably bad taste. Picture to yourself all possible points of beauty in a dog, imagine exactly the opposite in every particular, and there you have Mungo.

His hairless body, with its hideous patches in various colors, and his ill-shaped limbs, make him look like one of those creatures that the victims of delirium tremens see in their dreams.

But my attachment towards Mungo is too deeply rooted to be disturbed by his unattractive appearance. It is to him that I once owed my life, and so long as he lives I will look after him. This is how it happened:

Towards the close of my term of service in India, Mungo—a native mongrel of some sort or other—used to prowl about the barracks, picking up bits here and there, although kicked and cuffed alike by officers and men.

However, as he seemed to be half-starved I used to throw him some bones and scraps of food, so that after a time he began to get into quite a plump condition. For these little attentions he showed his gratitude by attaching himself to me and following me about as a well-bred dog would do.

At that time we used to go out once a month or so, on shooting expeditions into the jungle, and it was on one of these occasions that the event occurred which has made so indelible an impression on my memory. I was not in very cheerful spirits for an accident of the previous night had somewhat troubled me.

The sergeant's wife, one of the smartest little women in camp, had been left alone with her little boy, ten years old, her husband having been unexpectedly called away on duty. Soon after dusk they were horrified to see the head of an immense tiger come through a hole in the veranda, the eyes being fixed on them.

Almost beside themselves with terror, they scarcely knew what to do; but a thought suddenly struck the mother. Picking up a tray, she placed it against the hole, thus compelling the monster to withdraw his head.

But the tray had to be held there, in case the tiger should return; and mother and son relieved one another in standing there throughout the whole night, afraid to open the door to give an alarm, lest the tiger should be prowling about in search of another entrance to the room.

My thoughts were so fixed on this incident as we walked along through the jungle that I failed to keep up with the other members of the party who had got on some distance ahead; when suddenly I heard a rustle in the underwood, and almost at the same moment an enormous tiger presented himself and prepared to spring upon me.

I had never seen a more magnificent beast, and I could not help admiring him, notwithstanding the danger of my position. But there was no time to be lost. I immediately presented my rifle and fired.

As ill-luck would have it, neither shot struck; and in another second the tiger was on me and thrown me down, his claws buried in my left shoulder.

I had no particular sensation of fear, and I remember thinking quite calmly as I lay on the ground, the tiger's hot breath coming against my face, 'It's all up with me now."

But at that moment my faithful little Mungo came to the rescue: he bit the tiger's tail so severely, that the beast immediately released his hold and turned round to seize its new adversary.

But Mungo, as sharp and wary as he was plucky, was off in the tall grass in an instant.

The tiger followed; but the dog had the advantage over him, as it could run through the grass and under the brushwood at a pace which the other could not keep up with.

In fact it was almost comical to see how the great creature bounded about in its useless chase after the dog. But I knew that the tiger, disappointed of seizing Mungo, would soon be back again to attack his master; so I reloaded my gun and stood awaiting his return.

In a short time he was before me once more; and again I levelled my gun as well as I could, considering the pain in my left shoulder. The first shot missed; but the second struck the tiger in the shoulder, crippled him, and made him roll about in agony.

Reloading as rapidly as possible, I went nearer to him, aimed very deliberately, and this time gave him his quietus.

Scarcely had I done so before Mungo came bounding up to me, looking into my face, and whining as if with joy at seeing me safe. How I patted and fondled him, and how utterly unconscious I was then of his extreme ugliness, can easily be imagined.

I examined the tiger's tail, saw the marks left on it by Mungo's severe bite, and then returned to camp to get the assistance of some of my comrades in removing the animal's skin as a trophy of my adventure, and a practical proof that I was entitled to the reward which was allowed us for every tiger we killed.

A MONKEY COLONY.

A gang of apes, says a traveller speaking of some inlands near China, old and young, came down to the beach regularly every morning to look at the ship. The old men and women would seat themselves in rows and gaze at us, sometimes for an hour, without changing their places or attitudes—seeming to be absorbed in wonder.

I became quite familiar with some of their countenances. The young people did not appear to be so strongly impressed.

They would walk about the beach in twos and threes—making love, most likely, and settling future family arrangements. The children, meanwhile, would be romping round the old people, screaming and barking in very delight.

If a boat approached them, the old people would give a peculiar whistle, and the younger members of the tribe would betake themselves at once to the cover of the adjoining jungle.

A hunting party, landing here one morning, shot one of these old apes. The rest scampered off, and were seen no more that day.

The next morning, upon turning my opera-glass upon the beach, I saw the monkeys as usual, but they were broken into squads, and moving about in some disorder, instead of being seated as usual. I could plainly see some of them at work. Some appeared to be digging in the sand, and others to be bringing twigs and leaves of trees, and such of the debris of the forest as they could gather conveniently. It was my usual hour for landing, to get sights for my chronometers.

As the boat approached the whole party disappeared. I had the curiosity to walk to the spot to see what these semi-human beings had been doing.

They had been burying their dead comrade, and had not quite finished covering up the body when they had been disturbed!

The deceased seemed to have been popular, for a large concourse had come to attend his funeral.

The natives told us that this burial of the monkeys was a common practice. They believed in monkey doctors, too, for they told us that when they have come upon sick monkeys in the woods they have frequently found some demure old fellows looking very wise, with their fingers on their noses, sitting at their bedsides.

NOT TO TOUCH THE WALLS.—There is a good story still told in the French War Office to the effect that for ten years a soldier was stationed in the passage leading to the Minister's private apartments with orders not to let people touch the walls; but no one seemed to understand why this was done. A new Minister of an inquisitive turn of mind determined to find out the explanation of a circumstance that his fifty predecessors had never remarked; but no one could give him any information, not even the chief clerks or the subordinates who had been in service half a century. A certain doorkeeper, however, an old fellow with a good memory, recollected that on a certain occasion a soldier was placed there because the walls had been painted and the Minister's wife had got a spot on her dress. The paint had dried, but the sentinel had been left.

EXAMPLE.—People appear to think that, while good manners should be strenuously exacted from children, precept in this connection may stand instead of example, and that orders may be given them and remarks made upon them as if they were devoid of natural feelings and perceptions. As a matter of fact, if, when people want children to do something for them, they would ask it in the same way in which they would address an equal, if they would thank them for little services rendered, speak to them gently, answer their reasonable questions civilly, and avoid unnecessary comments upon their appearance, they would have far less trouble in teaching them to behave with like consideration for others. M. S.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In recent news from China, we hear that is no longer fashionable for the women to have small feet. The majority of the Chinese ladies now have large feet—that is to say, feet in proportion to their bodies. No change unfortunately, has yet taken place in the women's idle and monotonous lives, all manual labor such as sewing, embroidery, cooking, washing, etc., being left for the men to do.

A Berlin merchant, who advertised for a wife lately, received 277 answers. Of these, 87 were widows, varying in age from 25 to 52; 42 of them had no children and 21 possessed fortunes entirely under their own control of from $500 to $20,000. Four ladies who had been separated from their husbands also wrote to express a desire to try their luck at marriage a second time—one of them for a third time. Of the remaining 186, only 2 gave their age as over 30; 18 of them professed to be just turned 16. Seventy one photographs were enclosed and 31 of them are said to represent remarkably pretty girls.

The corporation of Birmingham, England, is about to institute an entirely new departure in the sale or by the use of "pay before delivery meters." A number of prepayment meters, constructed after the principle of the common automatic supply machines, have been offered by inventors; and a trial of one is to be made in a court of small houses. One or more pennies are dropped into an opening and a regulating apparatus in the meter liberates a quantity of gas of corresponding value, after which it stops, awaiting the advent of fresh pence. The coins accumulate in a locked receptable and are removed by the collector at intervals. The mechanical arrangements of the metre will, it is believed, render fraud difficult; and they can be manufactured for about $2.50 each.

New York's electrical machine for the execution of criminals after January 1, 1889, is thus described:—An electric battery or a dynamo machine, a chair constructed for the purpose, some copper wire and steel collar and manacles, will complete the outfit that is to replace the cumbrous gallows and ugly rope, and the whole will cost less than $150. The condemned man will be seated in the chair and the wires affixed to his wrists and neck. The quick pressure of a button completes the current passing through the man's body causing a painless death in the one hundredth part of a second. The new law provides that all execution shall take place in State prison within ten days after the sentence has been pronounced. The exact day of the execution will not be fixed, and only one prison official will be present.

About a fortnight ago a young woman in Gardiner, Me., who, though but 17 years old, has been married two years, took it into her head to black her face, so no one would know her, dress up as a smart negro boy and go out for a promenade. What amusement she expected to get out of the escapade was hard to tell, but evidently she did not expect what did happen. She was arrested for one thing, and when the police officer learned that she was not a young colored man bent on burglary they let her go home. Since then, judging from the local papers, the one theme in Gardiner has been her exploit, and the one question asked, "Who was she?" After everybody had fully made up their minds that fifty or sixty different young women was each the one in question, the masquerader, in order to relieve the innocent from suspicion, told the whole story.

Some years ago in a London garden, was a vertical sun-dial with the motto, "begone about your business." It is stated that this very appropriate motto was the result of the following blunder:—When the dial was erected the owner was applied to for a motto. They desired the builder's man to call at the library at a certain hour on a certain day when he should receive instructions. But they forgot the whole matter. On the appointed day and hour the builder's man called at the library, and found only a lawyer in close study over a law book. The man stated the cause of his intrusion which suited so badly the lawyer's time and leisure that he bid the man sharply, "Begone about your business." The lawyer's testy reply was duly painted in big letters upon the dial, and was considered so apposite that it was allowed not only to remain, but was considered to be as appropriate a motto as could be chosen for the purpose.

The presenting of bridal gifts to the bride is of very old origin, the favorite present in the Middle Ages being a pot of butter, which was supposed to presage plenty and an abundance of good things. Among the Greeks, Romans and Jews, and many Eastern nations it was customary for the bridegroom to place a considerable sum of money in a purse or plate and give it to his wife at the time of the wedding; but in early English times the bride asked for any amount she pleased, which the husband could not in honor refuse.

"Ya-as," said Mr. D. Sappy, "time works wonders. Why, when I was born I was the youngest of the family, and now I have few brothers, all younger than myself."

Our Young Folks.

THE WATER-RAT.

BY E. E. CUTHELL.

"HE'S the most conceited fellow I ever met, and I may say that I've been miles up the brook," remarked a fine old trout, who was one of the most aristocratic denizens of the pool.

"I can't understand what about," said an eft; "he's no legs and arms worth speaking about."

"And no spring about him at all," remarked a fine young frog.

"Nobody takes the trouble to fish for him," said the trout again.

"I dare say you could do without that sign of popularity," sneered a kingfisher, sitting on a branch overhead.

"On your part, certainly," retorted the trout, with a sarcastic bow, and retired to a deeper part of the pool.

It was Sleeky the water-rat that all the frequenters of the pool were talking about. And he certainly did give himself airs, and not altogether without reason.

He had everything about him so luxurious and comfortable. He resided in a spacious mansion he had constructed for himself in the bank of the brook, full of winding passages and snug crannies, with secret chambers and postern doors enough to puzzle a whole army of enemies.

For general use he had one front door opening under water, through which he came in contact with the inhabitants of the stream, and another above ground, through which he mixed with the larger and more varied world of the meadow.

Thus it was—being as it were in two societies at once—Sleeky became conceited. Also he was quite aware that he belonged remotely to an ancient family now extinct in Great Britain.

He could count back his ancestors to the beavers themselves, who use to build in the stream centuries ago, when the Normans hunted in the forest hard by.

No wonder he wasn't very popular in the pool, that he got a good many unkind things said about him.

But Sleeky didn't care; and when he heard the old trout call him "snubnose" he would draw down the thin covering with which he protected his fur-covered ears when in the water, and make himself literally deaf to all unpleasant remarks that were made.

But there was one point on which Sleeky was very sensitive.

"If I was such a fine fellow as you," jeered the frog, "I'd like to show myself when its broad daylight, and there is plenty of people about to admire, instead of just creeping about in the dark."

Sleeky was afraid, but he didn't like to say so, so he turned it off.

"Our history teaches us that such proceedings are not unattended with risks. An ancestor of mine (he put in this story because he knew that the frog had no ancestors to talk about, except one who swelled himself to grow as large as a bull, and burst, which was a sore point with the frog)—an ancestor of mine was once caught by a heron's beak, and eaten: it was long ago, in the days when there were herons in the pool. Then there are the boys——"

"Why, you don't mean to say that you suffer from them too?" gasped the frog.

"There's no knowing what idle creatures and mischievous boys will not bully! I wish they'd exterminate each other," growled Sleeky. "They found out my house the other day, when I was curled up asleep in an inner chamber. They thrust a big stake down into my very private parlor. Of course they were guarding my land door, so I rushed for the water-gate. But they were waiting for me there with horrid thin loops of brass wire in which to noose me, held on long sticks from the bank. I heard one say that they wanted my beautiful silk like skin. I barely noticed the wire in time to avoid it.

"Ah! poor thing!" sighed the frog; "you should have eyes like mine! Good-bye I'm going for a walk on shore," and he sprang out gracefully on to the bank, just to show that he wasn't afraid of going out in the daytime.

But—quack! quack! quack! and down he came a good deal quicker than he had gone up! followed closely by a great yellow beak and a green head. The frog swam away into a dense tuft of weeds, panting with fright.

"How very much wiser just to wait until they're in bed and asleep," thought Sleeky secure in his inner parlor.

He snoozed till dusk, and then went out by his land-door. He had a deep scheme on foot.

Together with other friends he was engaged in no lesser enterprise than burrowing under the kitchen garden wall, to get at the vegetables and fruit inside.

The gardener had well secured all the doors, but he was not able to keep out Sleeky and his friends. It was all very well to be laughed at about a snub nose, but one as long as an elephant's could not have sniffed out the good things better than Sleeky's.

But they had not, however, reached their goal quite yet. One underground passage the ever-watchful gardener had discovered, and had blocked it up the very afternoon before they intended bursting into the plum-trees.

But the water-rats were not to be dismayed. They were not going to be beaten where even the common brown or black rats, who had come to England long after them, would go in and win.

That very evening they held a council of war.

"Look here, friends, rats, and countrymen," quoth Sleeky, in his best style, "as long as the gardener sees the opening of our tunnel he will get the better of us. In the meantime the plums are getting ripe, and there's a ladder put up against the wall to gather the grapes to-morrow. If anything is to be done it must be done at once."

"Hear! hear!" called all the water-rats in chorus; and Sleeky felt a very great personage indeed, and curled his whiskers in satisfaction.

"Do you see that pile of wood?" he continued; "if our tunnel comes out behind there the gardener will search far and wide, and blame the wasps and birds and snails before he finds out who tastes his nice ripe plums."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a small thin voice round the corner; and an unseen watcher, long low and lanky, of a pale reddish-brown color, with sharp bead-like eyes, joined in the joy of the water-rats.

"I think I hear a weasel!" cried one, whose ears were sharper than the rest; and every one shivied and scurried away as fast as their legs could carry them, and Sleeky didn't feel safe until he was back again in the brook.

"What are you disturbing us all for at this time of night?" growled the old trout. "I've no patience with such late hours!"

"I—I—think there was a we—weasel about," stammered Sleeky.

"A weasel! What's that!" said the eft and newts. "We've never seen one here."

"He's not afraid of a weasel!" croaked the frog; "a wretched thing that can't swim or jump!"

"Perhaps after all it's safer though slightly duller, to live in the mud all one's days," murmured an old stickleback sleepily. "The pleasures of life on land seem fraught with much anxiety."

Next morning everybody was all agog about the weasel. A water-rat, a friend of Sleeky's, dropped in from a burrow that was further up the stream.

"It's no doubt it was a weasel," he said solemnly. "Somebody saw its tail, and a tip of its nose peeped around the corner."

"Will it be safe to go on with our operations to-night?" asked Sleeky.

"The plums are ripe already," replied the other, smacking his lips. "And the gardener is going to pick them to-morrow, and has placed a ladder against the wall most conveniently for us to run up."

"They've such sharp teeth—— '

"What the plums?"

"No, the weasels."

"Why, you're never afraid, Sleeky? Think of the plums."

"Oui n—no! Not at all; I'll come," replied Sleeky; and he tried hard to think of the plums, but instead he had visions of the weasel.

The next evening the mining party were all assembled, and worked valiantly tunnelling under the wall, behind the pile of wood.

The garden was almost reached. Another burrow of sturdy little noses and trowel-like paws, which they had inherited from their great ancestor the beaver, and the garden would be gained. Already the little snub noses fancied they smelt the delicious plums.

Then someone cried—

"And where's our clever Sleeky, thanks to whose invention we have outwitted our common foe the gardener?"

But Sleeky was not there.

Then two or three scuttled to his house to find him.

But Sleeky must have guessed that the work was done, and that the plums were awaiting him, for they saw him swimming across the brook.

But lo and behold! on the opposite bank stood the weasel, waiting. His long lanky body was eagerly outstretched, his nose seemed longer than ever, and his bristles were up.

"Come on! Who's afraid?" cried the weasel, with his black eyes twinkling.

His friends were on the bank at a respectful distance from the enemy. The inhabitants of the pool all woke up to see what was going on.

"I'm coming," said poor Sleeky in a choking voice perhaps a drop of water had got down his throat.

The frog positively chuckled with delight. He roused the sleepy trout and even hunted up the stickleback from the mud.

"Come up, come up there's going to be some fun," he said, with his mouth wide open in a broad grin.

The eyes of all the world were upon him. Sleeky would have given anything not to have had a character to keep up, to have been able to run away like the frog, or to grovel in the mud like the stickleback. But if you set up for being superior to other people you must pay for it. If you can trace your pedigree back to the illustrious beaver you must be brave and noble.

Sleeky, on reaching the bank, stood up on his hind legs, with his bristles up, and waited for the weasel. The weasel, with all his teeth showing, made for Sleeky. The two locked in a death struggle swayed and staggered hither and thither.

Then there came a silence and the onlookers in the pool heard the weasel drag something heavy away into the bushes.

And that was the last they ever saw or heard of Sleeky.

COLORS, WHERE THEY COME FROM.—From the cochineal insects are obtained the gorgeous carmine, as well as the crimson, scarlet, carmine and purple lakes.

Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttlefish to render the water opaque for its concealment when attacked.

Ivory black and bone black are made out of ivory chips.

The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident.

Blue black is from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lampblack is the soot from certain resinous substances.

From the madder plants, which grows in Hindostan, is manufactured Turkey red.

Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut shells.

Raw sienna is the natural earth from Umbria, and is also burnt.

To these vegetable pigments may probably be added India ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese who alone produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition.

Mastic—the base of the varnish so called—is from the gum of the mastic tree, indigenous to the Grecian archipelago.

Bistre is the soot of woodashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market; it is obtained from the precious lapis-lazuli and commands a fabulous price.

Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodine of mercury and cinnabar, native vermillion is from quick silver ore.

TRYING HIS TEMPER.

BY HENRY SMITH.

A LITTLE Dutchman, am I? Yes, indeed, and why not? I am not ashamed of being a Dutchman. I am plump and hearty, my name is Jan, and Katchen is my little "vrow"—little wife—as they call her.

When this picture was drawn by the artist we were children, and lived in the very Dutch village you see—in Holland, of course.

Our village was particularly neat and clean. We had such washings and sluicings on Saturdays inside and out; and I wonder all the babies were not drowned in the buckets like puppies!

And I wonder little Katchen and I were not drowned! I will tell you about one great adventure—one that occurred when we were not quite children, but after we had left the little village in which we were living when the artist came and took our pictures which you see here.

My father was what we call a rafisman. "What is a rafteman," do you ask? He is a man who lives on a raft which is made of logs fastened together.

These logs form a floating island of wood, and on this platform the raftsman builds his cottage, roofs it in, paints it a beautiful green color, and lives in it—as in a house on land. Father was very particular.

The raftsman brings goods and supplies from Germany to Holland, and while he brings down his goods by the river he brings up his family by his industry. So you see we little Dutch people have quite a floating life of it sometimes.

Katchen was my cousin. She had no father nor mother.

She had had parents, but I never saw them. She was an orphan, and came to live with my father and mother on the raft, and they called her my little "vrow." So she was!

We used to enjoy the summer-time on the raft. We had a kind of garden around our cottage.

Yes! a garden on our raft too, railed in by palings, painted black. There were very nice flowers growing there too, and sometimes a bird, or a bee, or other insect would alight upon our flowers, just as on land.

Katchen was very fond of flowers, and she would pick some of these and put them in her hair or her dress.

But she did not like the bees; and one day, while father was busy guiding the raft down the river, Katchen ran away from a bee and fell right over the side into the water.

Splash! Scream!! Hallo!!!

Katchen went splash! I went scream! and my father cried "Hallo!"

Then, without a moment's thought, I jumped off the raft too, and swam after Katchen, who was just floating, held up by a piece of wood behind us.

"Hallo!" said my father again. "Come back, Jan, come back. Bring Katchen with you, my boy. She'll get wet if you don't make haste!"

My father, you see, was a very curious man. He never got alarmed about anything, and did not trouble himself on any question at all.

Yet he was kind, and good, and very fond of us; and when my poor mother died he sat all day smoking, and never did any work, nor did he eat anything.

He was a funny man, and he called to me to come back just as if Katchen and I had gone for a little run along the river bank. He was very particular.

But we could not get back; the raft went down quicker than we did, so I swam near the bank and got into an eddy, which took us back up the stream again. The rapids took father away on the raft, and he had a great deal of trouble to keep it safe just then.

So he had to leave me and Katchen alone, while he could steer the raft to the bank.

We were not much frightened, because I could swim and Katchen was a brave girl. Besides, we had become so accustomed to the water at home in our village, as the floods came in our houses when washing time came and in the river when rafting time came, that a little more water made very little difference to me, and not much difference to Katchen.

"Katty," said I, "are you very wet, my dear?"

"Jan," she replied, "I am very wet indeed."

"And father said," I went on, "father said I was not to let you get wet. I have disobeyed my father, Katty. What can I do?"

"You could not help it, Jan: you remember I was in the water before you came, and I was wet before your father said a word. You have not disobeyed your father, Jan."

Then I was glad; because if we disobey our parents in Holland, and particularly on a raft, our papas and mammas (when we have them) whip us, and punish us in various ways.

And I was afraid if Katty went back wet, my father, who was her uncle, would punish me.

"Katty," I said again, "we must land soon; if we do not land, father will be angry."

"Yes," replied Katty, "uncle will scold us if we stay in the river till we are drowned. You remember how angry he was when the dog was drowned!"

"Oh, Katty, he was angry, and I wouldn't like to make him so angry as that, would you?"

"Not for the whole raft, Jan. No, we will land soon, and then uncle will be in a good temper."

So we did all we could to land, but we couldn't! The eddy was too strong for us. We could not grasp the bank, and there was no landing-place.

We must get out into the stream on this piece of wood, and float down the rapids.

"Jan," said Katty, "it is getting late, and I am cold."

"Katty," said I, "it is late; and father will not like our being out so late. It is very, very disobedient of us, Katty."

"Jan," she said, "uncle says one act of disobedience leads to another. He told me to take care not to fall into the river. I disobeyed him!"

"Yes, and you are wet, and it is late; and if we are drowned like Carl, our old dog, oh! father will storm at us. Let us try and get out."

"Jan, Jan, there is a place! Look. Swim there, quick! I am really afraid I shall be ill. I am very cold, and uncle will be displeased if I am ill. Quick!"

I swam as hard as I could, and pushed her on the plank. Fortunately the stream carried us in, and we landed at last, nearly dead.

We both threw ourselves down upon the bank of the river and said nothing. We knew father would punish us for lying down wet as we were; but we couldn't help it.

Katty was very pale, and looked very weak and ill. I am sure I felt so. But it was better to be ill than drowned, for father wouldn't be nearly so angry.

"Katty," said I, "can you walk a little?"

"Yes, Jan, a little. I am very wet and heavy, so you cannot carry me, I know."

I knew that too, so I didn't suggest it.

"Katty, get up, if you can, and walk to a house; there is one, there, see!"

"That is a strange house, and uncle will not like us going there without his leave. Let us walk along the bank and get warm and dry."

So we got up, and hand-in-hand walked, and then ran as fast as we could, for the sun was setting, and we were never allowed out after sunset.

"Jan," exclaimed Katty, "there is our house, and uncle smoking his pipe, waiting."

"So it is, Katty; we are in time after all."

"And not drowned either, Jan."

"Katty," said I, "it strikes me that if we had been drowned in this river we should never have come back. We should have been dead!"

"Oh, Jan! Then perhaps uncle would not have been angry after all. Oh, I am glad. But all the same I am gladder we didn't try his temper!"

"Hallo," cried my father, "you've come back, then!"

"Yes, father dear."

"And Katty is not wet either, is she?"

"No, uncle," replied Katty.

"Then you are brave, good children. Jan has saved your life, Katty. He is a fine fellow, and he shall marry you when you are old enough."

"Will you, Katty?" I asked. "We mustn't anger father."

"Yes," she replied. "I will some day, Jan; I will marry you." And she kept her word.

HOW TO HANDLE THE HAT.—The following rules are supplied by a New York hatter to his customers:—

If you pass a lady, though a stranger, in the hall of a hotel, on the stair, or if you do her any little service, such as restoring her fan or glove, or if she make an inquiry of you or you of her raise your hat.

A gentleman walking with an acquaintance raises his hat to those persons whom his friend salutes but does not bow.

Well-bred men lift their hats to their wives upon meeting them in a public place as deferentially as to any other lady.

ORGAN GRINDERS are to be driven by the police from the streets of Paris, and only a favored few are to be permitted to play in alleys and courts, even these being required to wear badges showing that they have been duly licensed.

THE root of good breeding is care for others, not for oneself. Good breeding is the perfume of unselfishness.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

BY KATE NELLERSH.

Within this room she passes her still days!
I pause upon the threshold, while my eyes
Gaze wistfully around, for memories
Of her sweet face, her thoughts, her words and ways,
Shall make the sunshine that through life's dark maze
May gild the pathway with its golden dyes;
And when I walk far off 'neath alien skies
My heart shall still be gladdened by its rays.

For the last time I look around. I hear
No sound save pattering ivy 'gainst the pane.
Ah! how my heart grows chilled with sudden fear
Lest this last hope that I have held in vain—
Lest I should never see your fair face, dear,
Or clasp once more your hand in mine again!

But no; I hear your footsteps at the door.
Love, you can meet me thus with smiling face,
While I—I do but long for breathing space
To give these cold stiff lips the power once more
To greet you calmly, as they could before
I knew the truth. And yet, would I retrace
The path that I have trod, and leave this place
With the heart quiet and free that once I bore?

I cannot tell. Thoughts wander through my brain
Like dreams that come and go beyond our will.
You speak, I know; I answer back again;
But nought of all seems real to me, until
We come to my good-bye. Then bitter pain
Gives me sure proof I am not dreaming still!

FICTITIOUS DEATHS.

A strange story is reported from California. Several years ago a man named Hobbs sailed thence to the Transvaal. Last year his friends in San Francisco heard that he had been killed in Africa, and they went into mourning for him.

Some months later, the news was apparently confirmed by the arrival in America of a man who declared that, during a quarrel, he had shot Hobbs in self-defence; that he had been tried and acquitted; and that he had left South Africa because so long as he remained there, the recollection of the tragedy haunted him.

There were obituary notices in the American papers, a memorial was erected to the unfortunate victim, and then Hobbs was forgotten. But all this time Hobbs was laughing in his sleeve.

For his own purposes he had spread the report of his death; and, while his friends supposed that he was occupying a nameless grave, he was actually negotiating with the Transvaal Government for a valuable railway concession. Having been successful in obtaining this, he has now come to life again.

A strange case is said to have occurred many years ago in or near the village of Iver, in England, in the church of which place the event is apparently commemorated by a monument which represents a lady rising in her shroud from her coffin.

The story goes that while in a trance a young wife was buried in a vault. A cupidinous sexton made his way into the vault that night in order to steal the wedding ring with which the lady had been buried. Unable to remove it from her finger, he put the finger between his teeth with the intention of biting it off, but, the pain arousing the woman, she suddenly sat up in her coffin, whereupon, the man immediatly desisted.

The story, with some modifications, is a tradition in other parishes besides that of Iver; but at Iver the monument undoubtedly exists to give countenance to the legend.

Different in character is a case which occurred in Berlin last year, and which is indeed very extraordinary. A girl named Helene Schiffer was engaged to a young man named Schmolz, who had promised to take her to America with him.

Shortly before the day which had been fixed for the wedding Schmolz died, and immediately the girl disappeared. She was known to be passionately attached to her lover, and no one, therefore, was greatly surprised when, some days afterwards her hat and some of her clothes were found near the banks of a river.

It was concluded that she had committed suicide. The body, however, was not recovered, although a body, much disfigured by long exposure, was afterwards found, and was supposed to be that of the missing girl.

The fact is that Helene was not dead, but she was out of her mind. She seems to have imagined that she was Schmolz, and that, Helene Schiffer having died, Schmolz ought to fulfil his engagements in America. Thus persuaded she dressed herself in man's clothes, took a passage to New York and, upon arriving there, presented herself to the representatives of the firm with which Schmolz had arranged to accept a position.

At first they imagined that she was Schmolz, whom they had never seen, but after a time her strange manner and confused replies betrayed her. Inquiries were made, Schmolz's friends in New York were communicated with, and finally, after more than six months' absence from home, the poor girl was sent back to her relations, who had believed her to be dead.

A friend of ours who has since seen her in a German lunatic asylum, tells us that she still personates Schmolz, and laments the supposed death of herself. In every other respect she is perfectly sane.

A somewhat analogous instance is that of a French soldier, who, in the war of 1870-71, received a bullet in his brain. He was a married man with three children, and his home was at Dieppe.

After receiving his wound he lay for many months in a German hospital. Then, with the bullet still in his skull he was discharged. He had totally forgotten the incidents of his previous history, and instead of returning to Dieppe, he went to Paris.

He frankly confessed that he did not know who he was, and his story reaching the ears of a doctor who was interested in mental aberration, the man, who, in spite of his loss of memory, was generally clear-headed and intelligent, became a servant in the physician's house.

One day an officer of his old regiment dined there and recognized him. The soldier still remembered absolutely nothing of the past, but the doctor followed the matter up, and a few weeks later took the poor fellow to Dieppe.

The wife, who had thought him dead, and all his former neighbors recognized him at once; but the man did not recognize her or them, and when it became apparent that his memory had totally left him, it was deemed best that he should return to service in Paris.

Ten years afterwards the bullet began to cause him further trouble, and an operation, from the effect of which the soldier ultimately died, was undertaken for its removal.

When the bullet had been withdrawn he speedily re-entered into full possession of his lost faculty, but before his wife and family could be summoned to him he succumbed.

THERE are two things necessary for a traveller, to bring him to the end of his journey—a knowledge of his way, a perseverance in his walk. If he walk in a wrong way, the faster he goes the farther he is from home; if he sit still in the right way, he may know his home but never come to it: discreet stays make speedy journeys. I will first then know my way, ere I begin my walk; the knowledge of my way is a good part of my journey.

Grains of Gold.

Good-breeding is surface Christianity.

Arrogance is the obstruction of wisdom.

A well-governed appetite is a great part of liberty.

Idleness is hunger's mother, and of theft it is full brother.

Avoid popularity; it has many snares, and no real benefit.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.

A slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper or an envious spirit.

Eyes raised towards heaven are always beautiful whatever else they be.

All my goods are of silver and gold, even my copper kettles, says the boaster.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they may see twice as much as they say.

The freedom of some is the freedom of the herd of swine that ran violently down a steep place into the sea and were drowned.

Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

Houses are built to live in, more than to look out: therefore let use be preferred before uniformity except where both may be had.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a propecy, which must sadden, or at least soften, every reflecting observer.

To guard the mind against the temptation of thinking that there are no good people, say to them: "Be such as you would like to see others, and you will find those who resemble you."

Femininities.

Keep cheese in a tight tin box.

Servia has imposed a tax upon bustles.

A bag of dry hot hops on the chest is excellent in relieving croup.

"Jenny" is one of the baptismal names of the new Empress of Germany.

Preserves and jellies should be kept in a glass or stone or in self-sealed jars.

An inveterate woman housebreaker is in the clutches of the London police.

The first bread was made by the Greeks, and the first windmill by the Saracens.

A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in to itself all which would otherwise pass by.

A tablespoonful of turpentine, boiled with your white clothes, will aid the whitening process.

One of the prettiest bonnet pins is in the form of a single gold lily leaf, closely set with half pearls.

The lustre of morocco leather may be restored by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with a sponge.

Charlie: "She's pretty, but she doesn't know anything." Evelyn: "Oh, yes, she does! She knows she's pretty."

Princess Beatrice, of Battenberg, expects to present her mother, Queen Victoria, with another grandchild in October.

At a museum. "My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo. And this is his wife, Apollinaris."

The essence of happiness in married life is self-sacrifice; and in the practice of this both man and woman find their characters raised and ennobled.

"Angeline," said Dorothea, as she abstractedly fingered the keys of the piano, "what is your favorite air?" "The million heir," Angeline replied.

To remove the screw tops of fruit jars that cannot be started by hand, dip a cloth in very hot water and apply to the outside of the cap; this will cause it to expand.

"No Gifts!" read a foot-note on the invitation cards to a wedding in New York. The bride explained by saying that she did not want her marriage made a donation party.

A South Carolina girl was married five times in seven weeks, and is now bothered to know which one of the chaps is her true husband. She has been sent to jail to think it over.

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'mariner?'" asked Mrs. McCorkle of Mrs. Fangle. "No," was the reply: "one is a cinnamon of the other."

A professional beauty has been photographed in 150 different positions. It is said that the only person who can beat her for variety of attitudes is the boy told to sit on a chair.

The ordinary Chinese girl's demeanor when among those not of her own race is proper to a preciseness. She holds a handkerchief to her face, never smiles, and under no circumstances expresses surprise.

Editorially a far West paper says: "If Nola Twigg, the servant girl in Portland, Oregon, who recently fell heir to $200,000, will call at this office she will hear of something greatly to her advantage. We are a bachelor."

Miss Effie Moone, of Hancock, in this State, is one of the girls who are not afraid of work. She recently walked a mile and a half, dug 58 pounds of dandelion greens in a little over two hours, and carried them home on her back.

Woman was not taken from man's head, that she might govern; nor from under his foot, that she might be trampled on; but from beneath his arm, that she might be protected; and from near his heart, that she might be beloved.

In the coffin of the dead German Emperor, ex-Empress Victoria placed a small gold chain, to which three lockets were attached containing miniatures which she had taken during their courtship, and which he had always worn until his last illness.

Brown: "Have you heard the news?" Mrs. Brown: "What news?" "That the Jenkinses are going to move." "Well, I'm awful glad of it. I'm kind of curious to know whether they'll find any of the things they've borrowed of me in the last six years."

Race horse: "What a humdrum life you carriage horses lead! Why, I am greeted with cheers whenever I appear, and my pedigree has been printed in all the papers." Carriage horse: "Pooh! Any stupid horse with long enough legs can run fast. My glory is not in my speed, but in my brains." "Brains, eh?" "Yes; I have been driven by a woman for five years, and haven't let her run me into anything yet!"

"Can't you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife, as he was about to start for his office. They had had a little quarrel, and he was willing to "make it up." "Ah, John," responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms around his neck, "forgive my foolishness! We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal; and we are out of potatoes; and, John, love, you must leave me some money for the ice-man and a new bustle. That's a darling hubby."

The Dead-Letter Office gets a great many curious articles through the mails, and the employes who open the packages are accustomed to many strange sights. The contents of a package received recently, however, take the lead. It was the scalp of a white woman, stretched out on a bent willow frame, and from the marks on the package the conclusion was reached that it was a trophy of some Indian warrior. The hair was long and dark, and the scalp had evidently been removed hastily, judging from the jagged edges. It is supposed that it was kept as a curiosity. An effort will be made to find the owner, and then probably the history of the scalp will be made known.

Masculinities.

Surnames were first adopted in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

The really learned man is diffident and bashful, and rarely shines in a mixed company as a brilliant talker.

Jinks has been out the night before, and is late at his desk. Employer, sternly: "Well?" Jinks: "Not very, sir."

Advice is seldom welcome, and they that need it worst are the first to resent it and speak ill of the would-be adviser.

"Mamma," said a little 5-year-old, as his mother was giving him a bath, "be sure and wipe me dry, so I won't rust."

A negro wedding in Norfolk closed with the remark by the parson: "We will sing that beautiful hymn, 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.'"

At Washington Court House, West Virginia, June 13, an old farmer met a young lady for the first time and was married to her within an hour afterwards.

Vanleer Polk, the only living grandson of James K. Polk, once President of the United States, married a beautiful Indian girl, daughter of a Cheyenne chief.

The man who keeps his eyes open can see a great many amusing things in this world—especially when his wife sets out to water her flower garden with the hose.

In Burmah it is rather a suspicious thing to give money for a charitable object. It is supposed to mean that the donor has been very wicked, and that he is desirous to make amends.

"This butter is really offensive to the smell!" observed the two-dollar-and-a-half boarder. "Well, what's that got to do with it?" remarked the landlady. "Sensible folks eat butter and don't smell it."

"Ah, dear," he said tenderly, "how can I leave you and go to my cheerless and lonely abode?" "If you make haste, George," replied the girl, with a glance at the clock, "you can go by the last car."

Two ways of looking at it. "I wonder that Charley married Miss Somerby. He hadn't known her more than a week." "H'm! There might have been some wonder had he known her a fortnight."

Said the little one: "Mother only ordered one baby, but when the doctor came he brought two, and they were so much alike and so pretty that mother didn't know which to choose, and so she kept them both."

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve and calls it fun is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.

A lady-acquaintance of Labiche, the French dramatist, had a mania for match-making. One day she asked him: "What do you think of Shakspeare?" "Why, do you want to marry him?" was his quick reply.

Mr. Slimbrain, fishing for a compliment: "Bobby, what did your sister say when she learned I was going to stay for supper again to-night?" Bobby: "Let me see. Oh, yes; she said Mr. Slimbrain must think we keep a hotel!"

No one pursuit, however valuable in itself, should completely engross the manhood or womanhood of any individual. Where it so exhausts the strength or the powers as to leave but a poor, ineffective remnant for other things, it is time to pause and to abstain.

Patient: "Doctor, I can't sleep at night. I tumble and toss until morning." Doctor: "H'm, that's bad. Let me see your tongue. (After diagnosis)—Physically, you are all right. Perhaps you worry over that bill you've owed me for the past two years."

Husband, impatiently: "If the fool-killer should strike this town, he would find plenty of work to do." Wife: "Is there such a person, dear?" Husband: "Of course there is." Wife, with great anxiety: "Well, I do hope, John, that you will be very careful."

Husband, who has a little engagement on hand: "I shall be at the office very late to-night, my dear, posting my books, and you had better not sit up for me." Wife: "Very well, John. When I am ready to go to bed, I'll just say good-night to you through the telephone." John wishes he had never had his house connected with his office by telephone.

Miss Mary, innocently: "Here are two kinds of cigars; one papa calls 'his friends' cigars,' the other he calls 'his own cigars,' but I don't know which are the best." Captain Corkscrew, who does know which are the best, carefully selecting one from "papa's" own box: "As it would be almost presumptuous for me to call myself one of your dear papa's friends, Miss Mary, I think that I had better try one of what he so appropriately calls his own cigars."

It is not likely there is another paper in America, or for that matter in the world, that can boast of such early, old and continuous subscribers as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. One of the earliest, perhaps, is a lady—who was born a year or two off 1800—and we will not say which side of that figure—but who still reads it with the same pleasure she did over 80 years since. But following close upon her record comes our life-long friend, Mr. Chas. Ford, of Trenton, N. J., who, in a recent letter renewing his subscription, writes: "... when a man is past 82 life is a little uncertain. I have taken THE POST from the time I commenced, 50 or 55 years ago, until now. I and a friend of mine used to make up clubs for THE POST about Allentown, Monmouth county, before the war. I think we had as high as 70 subscribers at one time. . . . I don't write as plain as the type writer, but perhaps you can make it out." Of Mr. Ford's handwriting we can only say that its strength and clearness would do credit to a clerk at his best, and if there is any signs of character in one's chirography, Mr. Ford is evidently hale enough and hearty enough in body and mind to see some distance in the next century. And it is our best hope—the spirit of which we extend to all subscribers, old and young—that he may.

Our Young Folks.

THE WATER-RAT.

BY E. M. CUTHELL.

"HE'S the most conceited fellow I ever met, and I may say that I've been miles up the brook," remarked a fine old trout, who was one of the most aristocratic denizens of the pool.

"I can't understand what about," said an eft; "he's no legs and arms worth speaking about."

"And no spring about him at all," remarked a fine young frog.

"Nobody takes the trouble to fish for him," said the trout again.

"I dare say you could do without that sign of popularity," sneered a kingfisher, sitting on a branch overhead.

"On your part, certainly," retorted the trout, with a sarcastic bow, and retired to a deeper part of the pool.

It was Sleeky the water-rat that all the frequenters of the pool were talking about. And he certainly did give himself airs, and not altogether without reason.

He had everything about him so luxurious and comfortable. He resided in a spacious mansion he had constructed for himself in the bank of the brook, full of winding passages and snug crannies, with secret chambers and postern doors enough to puzzle a whole army of enemies.

For general use he had one front door opening under water, through which he came in contact with the inhabitants of the stream, and another above ground, through which he mixed with the larger and more varied world of the meadow.

Thus it was—being as it were in two societies at once—Sleeky became conceited. Also he was quite aware that he belonged remotely to an ancient family now extinct in Great Britain.

He could count back his ancestors to the beavers themselves, who use to build in the stream centuries ago, when the Normans hunted in the forest hard by.

No wonder he wasn't very popular in the pool, that he got a good many unkind things said about him.

But Sleeky didn't care; and when he heard the old trout call him "snubnose" he would draw down the thin covering with which he protected his fur-covered ears when in the water, and make himself literally deaf to all unpleasant remarks that were made.

But there was one point on which Sleeky was very sensitive.

"If I was such a fine fellow as you," jeered the frog. "I'd like to show myself when its broad daylight, and there is plenty of people about to admire, instead of just creeping about in the dark."

Sleeky was afraid, but he didn't like to say so, so he turned it off.

"Our history teaches us that such proceedings are not unattended with risks. An ancestor of mine (he put in this story because he knew that the frog had no ancestors to talk about, except one who swelled himself to grow as large as a bull, and burst, which was a sore point with the frog)—an ancestor of mine was once caught by a heron's beak, and eaten; it was long ago, in the days when there were herons in the pool. Then there are the boys——"

"Why, you don't mean to say that you suffer from them too?" gasped the frog.

"There's no knowing what idle creatures and mischievous boys will not bully! I wish they'd exterminate each other," growled Sleekly. "They found out my house the other day, when I was curled up asleep in an inner chamber. They thrust a big stake down into my very private parlor. Of course they were guarding my land-door, so I rushed for the water-gate. But they were waiting for me there with horrid thin loops of brass wire in which to noose me, held on long sticks from the bank. I heard one say that they wanted my beautiful silk like skin. I barely noticed the wire in time to avoid it.

"Ah! poor thing!" sighed the frog; "you should have eyes like mine! Good-bye I'm going for a walk on shore," and he sprang out gracefully on to the bank, just to show that he wasn't afraid of going out in the daytime.

But—quack! quack! quack! and down he came a good deal quicker than he had gone up! followed closely by a great yellow beak and a green head. The frog swam away into a dense tuft of weeds, panting with fright.

"How very much wiser just to wait until they're in bed and asleep," thought Sleeky secure in his inner parlor.

He snoozed till dusk, and then went out by his land-door. He had a deep scheme on foot.

Together with other friends he was engaged in no lesser enterprise than burrowing under the kitchen-garden wall, to get at the vegetables and fruit inside.

The gardener had well secured all the doors, but he was not able to keep out Sleeky and his friends. It was all very well to be laughed at about a snub nose, but one as long as an elephant's could not have sniffed out the good things better than Sleeky's.

But they had not, however, reached their goal quite yet. One underground passage the ever-watchful gardener had discovered, and had blocked it up the very afternoon before they intended bursting into the plum-trees.

But the water-rats were not to be dismayed. They were not going to be beaten where even the common brown or black rats, who had come to England long after them, would go in and win.

That very evening they held a council of war.

"Look here, friends, rats, and countrymen," quoth Sleeky, in his best style, "as long as the gardener sees the opening of our tunnel he will get the better of us. In the meantime the plums are getting ripe, and there's a ladder put up against the wall to gather the grapes to-morrow. If anything is to be done it must be done at once."

"Hear! hear!" called all the water-rats in chorus; and Sleeky felt a very great personage indeed, and curled his whiskers in satisfaction.

"Do you see that pile of wood?" he continued; "if our tunnel comes out behind there the gardener will search far and wide, and blame the wasps and birds and snails before he finds out who tastes his nice ripe plums."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a small thin voice round the corner; and an unseen watcher, long low and lanky, of a pale reddish-brown color, with sharp bead-like eyes, joined in the joy of the water-rats.

"I think I hear a weasel!" cried one, whose ears were sharper than the rest; and every one chivied and scurried away as fast as their legs could carry them, and Sleeky didn't feel safe until he was back again in the brook.

"What are you disturbing us all for at this time of night?' growled the old trout. "I've no patience with such late hours!"

"I—I—think there was a we—weasel about," stammered Sleeky.

"A weasel! What's that!" said the efts and newts. "We've never seen one here."

"He's not afraid of a weasel!" croaked the frog; "a wretched thing that can't swim or jump!"

"Perhaps after all it's safer though slightly duller, to live in the mud all one's days," murmured an old stickleback sleepily. "The pleasures of life on land seem fraught with much anxiety."

Next morning everybody was all agog about the weasel. A water-rat, a friend of Sleeky's, dropped in from a burrow that was further up the stream.

"It's no doubt it was a weasel," he said solemnly. "Somebody saw its tail, and a tip of its nose peeped around the corner."

"Will it be safe to go on with our operations to-night?" asked Sleeky.

"The plums are ripe already," replied the other, smacking his lips. "And the gardener is going to pick them to-morrow, and has placed a ladder against the wall most conveniently for us to run up."

"They've such sharp teeth——"

"What the plums?"

"No, the weasels."

"Why, you're never afraid, Sleeky? Think of the plums."

"Oh! n—not! Not at all; I'll come," replied Sleeky; and he tried hard to think of the plums, but instead he had visions of the weasel.

The next evening the mining party were all assembled, and worked valiantly tunnelling under the wall, behind the pile of wood.

The garden was almost reached. Another burrow of sturdy little noses and trowel-like paws, which they had inherited from their great ancestor the beaver, and the garden would be gained. Already the little snub noses fancied they smelt the delicious plums.

Then someone cried—

"And where's our clever Sleeky, thanks to whose invention we have outwitted our common foe the gardener?"

But Sleeky was not there.

Then two or three scuttled to his house to find him.

But Sleeky must have guessed that the work was done, and that the plums were awaiting him, for they saw him swimming across the brook.

But lo and behold! on the opposite bank stood the weasel, waiting. His long lanky body was eagerly outstretched, his nose seemed longer than ever, and his bristles were up.

"Come on! Who's afraid?" cried the weasel, with his black eyes twinkling.

His friends were on the bank at a respectful distance from the enemy. The inhabitants of the pool all woke up to see what was going on.

"I'm coming," said poor Sleeky in a choking voice perhaps a drop of water had got down his throat.

The frog positively chuckled with delight. He roused the sleepy trout and even hunted up the stickleback from the mud.

"Come up, come up there's going to be some fun," he said, with his mouth wide open in a broad grin.

The eyes of all the world were upon him. Sleeky would have given anything not to have had a character to keep up, to have been able to run away like the frog, or to grovel in the mud like the stickleback. But if you set up for being superior to other people you must pay for it. If you can trace your pedigree back to the illustrious beaver you must be brave and noble.

Sleeky, on reaching the bank, stood up on his hind legs, with his bristles up, and waited for the weasel. The weasel, with all his teeth showing, made for Sleeky. The two locked in a death struggle swayed and staggered hither and thither.

Then there came a silence and the onlookers in the pool heard the weasel drag something heavy away into the bushes.

And that was the last they ever saw or heard of Sleeky.

COLORS, WHERE THEY COME FROM.—From the cochineal insects are obtained the gorgeous carmine, as well as the crimson, scarlet, carmine and purple lakes.

Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttlefish to render the water opaque for its concealment when attacked.

Ivory black and bone black are made out of ivory chips.

The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident.

Blue black is from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lampblack is the soot from certain resinous substances.

From the madder plants, which grows in Hindostan, is manufactured Turkey red.

Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut shells.

Raw sienna is the natural earth from Umbria, and is also burnt.

To these vegetable pigments may probably be added India ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese who alone produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition.

Mastic—the base of the varnish so called—is from the gum of the mastic tree, indigenous to the Grecian archipelago.

Bistre is the soot of woodashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market; it is obtained from the precious lapis-lazuli and commands a fabulous price.

Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodine of mercury and cinnabar, native vermillion is from quick silver ore.

TRYING HIS TEMPER.

BY HENRY FRITH.

A LITTLE Dutchman, am I? Yes, indeed, and why not? I am not ashamed of being a Dutchman. I am plump and hearty, my name is Jan, and Katchen is my little "vrow"—little wife—as they call her.

When this picture was drawn by the artist we were children, and lived in the very Dutch village you see—in Holland, of course.

Our village was particularly neat and clean. We had such washings and sluicings on Saturdays, inside and out; and I wonder all the babies were not drowned in the buckets like puppies!

And I wonder little Katchen and I were not drowned! I will tell you about one great adventure—one that occurred when we were not quite children, but after we had left the little village in which we were living when the artist came and took our pictures which you see here.

My father was what we call a raftsman. "What is a rafteman," do you ask? He is a man who lives on a raft which is made of logs fastened together.

These logs form a floating island of wood, and on this platform the raftsman builds his cottage, roofs it in, paints it a beautiful green color, and lives in it—as in a house on land. Father was very particular.

The raftsman brings goods and supplies from Germany to Holland, and while he brings down his goods by the river he brings up his family by his industry. So you see we little Dutch people have quite a floating life of it sometimes.

Katchen was my cousin. She had no father nor mother.

She had had parents, but I never saw them. She was an orphan, and came to live with my father and mother on the raft, and they called her my little "vrow." So she was!

We used to enjoy the summer-time on the raft. We had a kind of garden around our cottage.

Yes! a garden on our raft too, railed in by palings, painted black. There were very nice flowers growing there too, and sometimes a bird, or a bee, or other insect would alight upon our flowers, just as on land.

Katchen was very fond of flowers, and she would pick some of these and put them in her hair or her dress.

But she did not like the bees; and one day, while father was busy guiding the raft down the river, Katchen ran away from a bee and fell right over the side into the water.

Splash! Scream!! Hallo!!!

Katchen went splash! I went scream! and my father cried "Hallo!"

Then, without a moment's thought, I jumped off the raft too, and swam after Katchen, who was just floating, held up by a piece of wood behind us.

"Hallo!" said my father again. "Come back, Jan, come back. Bring Katchen with you, my boy. She'll get wet if you don't make haste!"

My father, you see, was a very curious man. He never got alarmed about anything, and did not trouble himself on any question at all.

Yet he was kind, and good, and very fond of us; and when my poor mother died he sat all day smoking, and never did any work, nor did he eat anything.

He was a funny man, and he called to me to come back just as if Katchen and I had gone for a little run along the river bank. He was very particular.

But we could not get back; the raft went down quicker than we did, so I swam near the bank and got into an eddy, which took us back up the stream again. The rapids took father away on the raft, and he had a great deal of trouble to keep it safe just then.

So he had to leave me and Katchen alone, while he could steer the raft to the bank.

We were not much frightened, because I could swim and Katchen was a brave girl. Besides, we had become so accustomed to the water at home in our village, as the floods came in our houses when washing time came and in the river when rafting time came, that a little more water made very little difference to me, and not much difference to Katchen.

"Katty," said I, "are you very wet, my dear?"

"Jan," she replied, "I am very wet indeed."

"And father said," I went on, "father said I was not to let you get wet. I have disobeyed my father, Katty. What can I do?"

"You could not help it, Jan: you remember I was in the water before you came, and I was wet before your father said a word. You have not disobeyed your father, Jan."

Then I was glad; because if we disobey our parents in Holland, and particularly on a raft, our papas and mammas (when we have them) whip us, and punish us in various ways.

And I was afraid if Katty went back wet, my father, who was her uncle, would punish me.

"Katty," I said again, "we must land soon; if we do not land, father will be angry."

"Yes," replied Katty, "uncle will scold us if we stay in the river till we are drowned. You remember how angry he was when the dog was drowned!"

"Oh, Katty, he was angry, and I wouldn't like to make him so angry as that, would you?"

"Not for the whole raft, Jan. No, we will land soon, and then uncle will be in a good temper."

So we did all we could to land, but we couldn't! The eddy was too strong for us. We could not grasp the bank, and there was no landing-place.

We must get out into the stream on this piece of wood, and float down the rapids.

"Jan," said Katty, "it is getting late, and I am cold."

"Katty," said I, "it is late; and father will not like our being out so late. It is very, very disobedient of us, Katty."

"Jan," she said, "uncle says one act of disobedience leads to another. He told me to take care not to fall into the river. I disobeyed him!"

"Yes, and you are wet, and it is late; and if we are drowned like Carl, our old dog, oh! father will storm at us. Let us try and get out."

"Jan, Jan, there is a place! Look. Swim there, quick! I am really afraid I shall be ill. I am very cold, and uncle will be displeased if I am ill. Quick!"

I swam as hard as I could, and pushed her on the plank. Fortunately the stream carried us in, and we landed at last, nearly dead.

We both threw ourselves down upon the bank of the river and said nothing. We knew father would punish us for lying down wet as we were; but we couldn't help it.

Katty was very pale, and looked very weak and ill. I am sure I felt so. But it was better to be ill than drowned, for father wouldn't be nearly so angry.

"Katty," said I, "can you walk a little?"

"Yes, Jan, a little. I am very wet and heavy, so you cannot carry me, I know."

I knew that too, so I didn't suggest it.

"Katty, get up, if you can, and walk to a house; there is one, there, see!"

"That is a strange house, and uncle will not like us going there without his leave. Let us walk along the bank and get warm and dry."

So we got up, and hand-in-hand walked, and then ran as fast as we could, for the sun was setting, and we were never allowed out after sunset.

"Jan," exclaimed Katty, "there is our house, and uncle smoking his pipe, waiting."

"So it is, Katty; we are in time after all."

"And not drowned either, Jan."

"Katty," said I, "it strikes me that if we had been drowned in this river we should never have come back. We should have been dead!"

"Oh, Jan! Then perhaps uncle would not have been angry after all. Oh, I am glad. But all the same I am gladder we didn't try his temper!"

"Hallo," cried my father, "you've come back, then!"

"Yes, father dear."

"And Katty is not wet either, is she?"

"No, uncle," replied Katty.

"Then you are brave, good children. Jan has saved your life, Katty. He is a fine fellow, and he shall marry you when you are old enough."

"Will you, Katty?" I asked. "We mustn't anger father."

"Yes," she replied. "I will some day, Jan; I will marry you." And she kept her word.

HOW TO HANDLE THE HAT.—The following rules are supplied by a New York hatter to his customers:—

If you pass a lady, though a stranger, in the hall of a hotel, on the stair, or if you do her any little service, such as restoring her fan or glove, or if she make an inquiry of you or you of her raise your hat.

A gentleman walking with an acquaintance raises his hat to those persons whom his friend salutes but does not bow.

Well-bred men lift their hats to their wives upon meeting them in a public place as deferentially as to any other lady.

ORGAN GRINDERS are to be driven by the police from the streets of Paris, and only a favored few are to be permitted to play in alleys and courts, even these being required to wear badges showing that they have been duly licensed.

THE root of good breeding is care for others, not for oneself. Good breeding is the perfume of unselfishness.

Humorous.

AT THE SEASIDE.

I really beg your pardon—eh?
The fishing isn't good, you say?
Perhaps not yonder in the bay,
Where sky and sea are blended.
You look too far away, I fear.
Just sit where I am sitting here:
With an attentive eye and ear—
You'll find it splendid.

That ancient maiden, stern and spare,
With swarthy skin and raven hair,
Who seems a sorceress sitting there—
A seaside sibyl—
She's fishing. Look, it's very sad:
Her luck has been extremely bad!
I don't believe she's ever had
A single nibble!

The foreign count of course is here,
Whose income nothing is a year;
The very shady English peer,
Beloved of swellidom.
They're fortune-fishing on the sly;
Their titles are the bait they fly;
But heiresses are rather shy
And bite but seldom.

The dowagers all fish for news,
Detectives angle here for clues,
The authors fish for good reviews
And advertising.
While city girls—a merry band—
Fish with their figures in the sand.
The fishing that is done on land
Is most surprising!

—U. N. Nose.

Mixed diet—Stirabout.

Drawers of water—Marine artists.

A suit of male—Will you marry me?

Teacher: "What is the plural of child?" Boy, promptly: "Twins."

Paste diamonds are so called because people get stuck on them so often.

The book that makes the greatest stir in society is the well-filled pocketbook.

"Physician, heal thyself," is what they generally do, only they spell it "heel."

You can generally tell a tree by its bark. Especially is this so of the dogwood tree.

The mouth is the window of the intellect. If so, is toothache the window-pane?

The man who stoops to pick up a cent often ruins more than half a dollar's worth of suspenders.

"Fine day," said the Judge, as the sixtieth man went through the mill for "five dollars and costs."

The King of Dahomey has had an umbrella made for him 21 feet in diameter, the handle being 21 feet long. He is determined that no one shall take it in mistake for their own.

In the street car. Old gent: "Confound it, sir, that's my corn you stepped on!" Young tough: "Course it is, old chappie. You wouldn't be kickin' so if it was anybody else's."

"Indians make just as good angels as anybody else," says a friend and defender of the red man. Most of the people of the frontier, we think, are perfectly willing that they should.

The three gentlemen who were shoved into a fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar were spared at least one affliction. The old gentleman did not open the door and ask if it was hot enough for them.

"There is one thing," said Ada to Angeline, "that is a perfectly sure preventive of bad dreams." "What is that?" eagerly asked Angeline. "Sleeplessness," replied the provoking Miss Ada.

A bad, revengeful little boy rubbed fine Cayenne pepper all over the back of his jacket and well into the cloth, and then laughed out loud in school, for which the master flogged him severely, but dismissed school soon after to go and see an eye doctor.

Tramp, to partner: "Did the old man give up anything, Billy?" Partner: "Naw." Tramp: "What did you say to him?" Partner: "I asked him if he could help a poor man who was out of work, and he said he'd give me some work. Times seem to be gettin' wuss every day."

Office boy, to country editor: "Man outside, sir, wants to see the editor." Editor, anxiously: "What does he want of the editor?" Boy: "Says he wants to mop the floor with him." Editor, relieved: "Oh! show him in. I was afraid it was somebody come to stop his paper."

"Do you know, Grimsby, that I have often thought that a saloon might appropriately be called a safe harbor." "Why so, Sharpley?" "Because it is so easy for a schooner to pass over a bar there, even though there be a scarcity of water." And then the silence was so marked that they could hear the beer foam.

Miss Singlebody, who is not so young as she was, says she thinks the bill before the Legislature requiring seven days' notice of intention to marry a very unusual measure. "Seven days, indeed!" she exclaims; "it is all wrong: I never did approve of these long engagements: they are very apt to amount to nothing!"

He: "There, Mary, don't make a fool of yourself. The dog is dead, and that's the end of him." She, through her tears: "You great, hateful, unfeeling creature! you know that I can never be happy again! Poor Skippy! he was the only living thing on earth that I ever cared for, and you know it!" He: "Yes, dear; but unfortunately I did not find it out until it was too late."

Conversation is a very serious thing with some people. They talk all day, and the fact that they say nothing does not in the slightest degree interfere with the steady flow of words. One of this sort on board a train was asked a very simple question by a fellow-passenger. She replied: "Excuse me, sir, but I am only going to the next station, and it's not worth while to begin a conversation."

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

There has been much written lately about personal beauty, the writers endeavoring to exalt it above mental ability or moral worth. They seem to infer that there is some standard of physical charms, some regularity of features, color of eyes, hair, and complexion which constitutes beauty.

But is it so? Does not beauty depend on the mental attitude of the observer. Frivolous people will see little beauty in an intelligent face, coarse people little beauty in a refined face, intelligent people little beauty in any face, however delicate the complexion, whose features, too delicate and too regular, indicate a lack of mental strength.

It is nonsense to talk about a standard of beauty. There is no standard except that which is in the mind of the observer. It is not cant in those intelligent persons of character to decry beauty.

It is not beauty, it is only the popular idea of beauty, that they despise. They may have an ideal as much above the popular ideal as the Greek goddess is above the ideal of an American savage.

Personal beauty apart from intellect or morals! Why, it is impossible to conceive of such a thing. If you were born beautiful, it is the heritage left to you by the intelligence and goodness of the past. Dare you think lightly of the cause that produces so beneficent an effect? Do so at your peril!

The moment you begin to think personal charms more to be desired than intelligence or goodness, that moment you have bartered beauty for ugliness.

If anyone feels disposed to doubt it, let him look around for the beautiful women which the pretty girls he knew ten years ago should have developed into. Very few are to be found.

But, instead, he finds many faded, fretful, discontented women; or, what is a sadder sight still, those upon whose once pretty faces simpering affectation has set its ugly seal. And their vanity has developed enormously.

They are wholly unconscious of their lost charms; and by little girlish coquetries they continually endeavor to regain their lost power over a once admiring world. Compare such a face with that of a woman who has reverenced mind and character. "Ugly goodness," indeed! 'Tis a contradiction of terms.

Even though one is born ugly, the moment one reverences goodness, that moment she begins to exchange her ugliness for beauty. For "All that's good and great, with Thee, Works in close conspiracy."

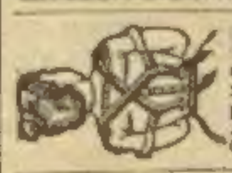
DIET TO DEVELOP STRENGTH.—It is well known, that pugilists, pedestrians, and others who perform in public feats requiring great strength and endurance undergo beforehand severe training, to develope their powers to the utmost.

The rules laid down by the trainer are very strict and rigidly enforced. The following are a few with regard to diet:

Little salt. No coarse vegetables. No pork or veal. Two meals a day—breakfast at eight, dinner at two. If supper is allowed at all, it must be a very light and simple one several hours before bed-time, and is not recommended. It is reckoned much against a man's wind to go to bed with a full stomach. No fat meat is ever given, and no butter and cheese which are considered indigestible. Pies and pastry are not allowed, meats must always be taken fresh, and not seasoned. Salt meats are not allowed. Puddings and hard dumplings are considered unfit to be eaten. The trainer says, "People may as well take earthenware into their stomachs."

ORDERLY HABITS.—In money-matters the orderly habit is invaluable. It not only avoids loss of time and trial of temper; it prevents that ignorance and confusion which so often lead to extravagant and unwarrantable expenditure, and sometimes even to deceit and fraud. Doubtless many of the embezzlements and broken trusts that bring ruin and grief to thousands, could they be traced back, would be found to have had their origin in a careless and disorderly use of money long before any idea of dishonest dealing was entertained. The duty of keeping careful accounts, of always facing and knowing one's financial condition, and of regulating expenses accordingly, cannot be too early or too forcibly impressed upon youth, for order in this matter means peace of mind, freedom from care, and name beyond reproach. M. S.

He was an old-timer. He had commenced in early youth at hard cider, and had graduated in the liquids up to straight alcohol. He was in town this week, went into a drug store and picked up a bottle and poured out a full glass of something and swallowed it down, thinking it was spiritus frumenti. The druggist, noticing him with the empty glass in hand, rushed back, exclaiming: "My God, man, you have drank aqua fortis!" "Was it?" says he. "Well, just give me a little aqua fifty. That last was kinder good, but I want something a leetle stronger." The druggist collapsed.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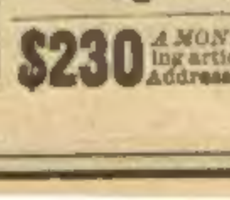
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60c Albatross 50. — 30c Linen Lawn, 22c.
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25 cents 37½ cents 50 cents
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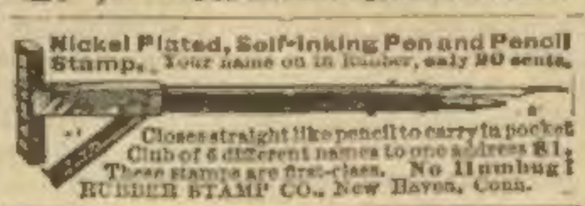
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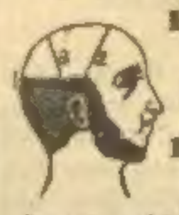
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Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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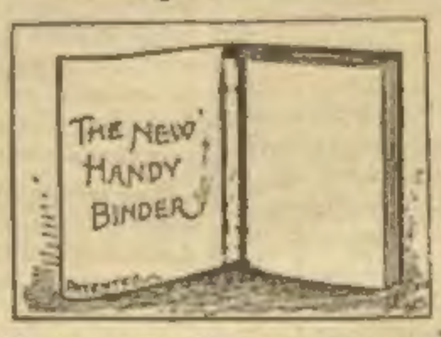

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

There is plenty of choice for the world of fashion in millinery. You may wear bonnets towering to the skies, or, if you fall into the last Parisian notion, you can don an Incroyable, which is quite flat, but standing out well at the sides, with plenty of the underpart of the brim visible—as complete a contrast to the other style as you can well imagine.

There is the same diversity in hats. In Paris huge ones with high crowns and wonderful brims are worn, one side narrow, the other broad, or the same distinction between back and front.

In England the prevailing style among the best dressed people would seem to be sailor hats in various kinds of fancy straws, higher in the crown than this class of hat has ever been worn, and narrower in the brim; and they are trimmed as sailor hats have been before, with great bows and bunches of flowers, carried from the brim on to the top.

For the next few weeks straws will be worn, and the wholesale houses are selling a great many fancy makes of all kinds, the nutmeg being the leading idea, a rough plaid, which suggests having been grated. But chips are selling, too, and for wear there is nothing more supple or durable. An innovation in the make of broad-brimmed chip hats is, that one side is one color, the inside another; so that they can be caught as is the fashion now, with a bunch of flowers, without any other lining or binding being necessary. The leading color of the moment is grey, but possibly only for the moment, for both straws and chips are to be had in every color.

Gold tinsel bonnets are to be worn as the season advances, and many of the laces employed in millinery are worked in gold.

Though to all appearances bonnets are airy nothings, they demand this season an amount of work never before dreampt of. Drawn bonnets in crepe, aerophane, and tulle are most fashionable. An original instance is a light lemon-colored tulle bordered with a ruche edged with jet beads the size of a pea, the crown having a jet star worked upon it: a large cockade of black Chantilly lace standing up fanwise over the face.

The tulle bonnet of our youth will be seen this year at the races, and other gay resorts. The wire drawn foundations are to be had in all colors. These are lightly covered with tulle, and the art of the bonnet maker is centered on the brim. A pretty pink one just from Paris had a broad coronet of rose buds and leaves nestling together; a most becoming frame to the face.

A fascinating bonnet for children has been brought out, called the Queen, made in cream, coral, and cardinal, all tones becoming to young faces; it is drawn and is sold in three sizes with a large flaring brim standing well over the face, which is framed with a baby cap of pleated lace and narrow ribbon. There is a fall of lace at the edge of the brim, and it certainly recalls the style of headgear worn when the present English Sovereign was a maiden queen.

Quite a new shape in straws goes by the name of Hermes. The brim turns back direct from the face, flat and straight, but widening at the side, like the wings of mercury's headdress, only they do not stand away from the bonnet, but close to it. There is nothing extravagant about the shape, which will, there is no doubt, be largely patronized by people who wish to be in the fashion, without falling into extremes.

To bring the new Directoire bonnet to the mind it is necessary to recall a sort of paysanne shape, worn with long close skirts and mantelets, which was tied closely under the chin. In the hand it recalls the flap hat, but when on the head it has a far more imposing appearance, and is invariably trimmed with three upstanding feathers. One made in apricot gauze, with gold trimmings was a marked success.

Gobelines is the color which will flood the shop windows as the season grows, and it shows well embroidered with gold. The osprey aigrettes worn on this and other colors are large, and of great beauty. Many of the Directoire bonnets are made of soft black straw, with yellow straw under the brim; they require merely strings and a little trimming: large bunches of almost black roses upon them are a good novelty.

Some boquets of flowers are wonderful in their combinations, as though the wearer had walked into a garden, and culled a bunch of mignonette, ranunculus, roses, buttercups, heliotrope, and grass, spinning them on carelessly, but always with the intention that they stand up well. Ranunculi by the bye, are a favorite mixture with Gobelines this year.

A new bonnet is entirely composed of rose stems intermatted with a bunch of the flower at the side. Round straw crowns are often appliqued on to a full silk or crepe crown, and velvet crepe and tulle are all embroidered.

The handkerchief bonnets are just coming into general wear. They are made principally of silk handkerchiefs, which are so arranged as to be completely transformed. Another new idea are the ribbon bonnets made entirely of stripes of ribbon with fancy edges.

The cable edge appears general on the more costly ribbons and the single and double loops, plain edged ribbons are out of date. Vieux rose, Charles X. slates and greys are the leading colors of the moment and most impossible ornaments are made for bonnets both in pearl and tortoise-shell.

Bows are thrust through with plain tortoiseshell pins, having jet crescents attached, and large combs appear, too, among the erect bows of ribbon. They are beaded bonnets of all kinds, and large beaded wings laid up against the sides of bonnets, with a cockscomb of lace between.

The French hats, immensely high in the crown look heavy from their abundance of trimming, but French fingers are too clever to let them be so.

The brims are cloven anywhere, and are turned up wide where it would appear most natural they should be narrow, but the trimmings are more at the back and sides than in front, and consist of embroidered lace and crepe, and many feathers; sometimes large side wings of the velvet, forming part and parcel of the brim, are carried up the crown to the very top.

Colored oats and colored barley are a favorite trimming on hats and bonnets, but they sin against good taste when they appear in such unnatural shades as deep petunia or Gobelines, and yet by the best milliners they are employed. Flowers are far less adapted to millinery at the present moment than ribbons and feathers, but as the year glides on to glad July the flowers are to have it all their own way. They will be softened with veiling of tulle, and much intermixture of lace.

White silk-muslin gowns, striped with wide insertions of rich lace, with dainty lace berthas to match, and immensely broad sashes of watered ribbons, are among the list of imported dresses for debutants and bridesmaids.

A pointed French bodice laced behind is much used for similar toilettes of faille Francaise, with a scarf of pearl or crystal beaded net, or lace draped from the left shoulder to the right hip, where it is knotted and falls to the foot of the dress skirt. These scarfs are particularly effected in the pale lovely colors of willow green, primrose ecru, pink-rose, and tea rose, over silk gowns of the same tint.

There are also Louis XIV. scarfs of India silk, bordered with an embossed border of gay flowers in natural hues. These are draped over gowns of plain faille surah or India silk.

The cape called "La Tosca" is made for summer wear, of various fabrics, broche silk being a favorite. It is handsomely lined and richly decorated, and its peculiarity is the high collar, which is shaped to the neck without any seam going round it.

A model made in "La Tosca" style, is of moss-green velvet, lined with pale willow-green surah, and ornamented with a rich passementerie of cashmere beads. The wrap is very jaunty looking for those to whom it proves becoming. Another wrap is called the Princess made in pelerine style, with open sleeves that reach just below the elbow.

The fronts fit closely, and at the lower edge is placed a gathered piece of lace flouncing that falls to the edge of the skirt hem. This wrap is graceful and pretty in lace and silk, in lace alone, in black or white, also in figured grenadine for matrons.

Odds and Ends.

A CHOICE OF CAKES.

Seed Cake.—To make a small one, mix in 14 ozs. of flour, 4 ozs. of candied orange peel cut small, ¼lb. of citron peel cut in thin strips, and 4 ozs. of sweet almonds blanched and cut small. With a wooden spoon beat in a basin ½ lb. of butter to cream, add ½ lb. of sugar, and beat the mixture till light and white; then add 2 eggs, stir gently at first; then beat for some time; add then two more eggs, and if liked, a tablespoonful of flour, which should have been kept in reserve for this purpose. After beating for five minutes or so add two more eggs, and beat for a few minutes longer. Now stir in the flour etc. and pour into the hoop. Dip the blade of a knife in water, and with it smooth the cake mixture. Scatter a few carraway sweets (not seeds) on the top. Bake in a moderate oven about an hour and a half.

Another Way.—Mix into ½ lb. of sifted flour 1 lb. of orange peel cut small, ¼ lb. of citron, ¼ lb. of almonds blanched and thinly sliced. Separate the yolks from the whites of nine eggs, put the yolks in a basin along with ½ lb. of sifted sugar, and with a wire whisk beat both together until light and white; beat ½ lb. of butter to a cream, put the yolks to the butter, and beat both together for fully half an hour; beat up the whites of the eggs on two dinner plates to a stiff snow, stir in the flour etc., to the yolks, and, lastly, stir in gently the whites. Pour in hoop, and bake as in last receipe.

Madeira Cake.—Beat up 6 ozs. of fresh butter to a cream, add 6 ozs. of the finest powdered sugar, and beat a little longer; then drop in one egg, and so on until you have added six. Stir in a few drops of essence of lemon. Add now ½ lb. of sifted flour, and stir, but do not again beat the mixture after adding the flour. Pour the batter into a tin lined with greased paper, dredge the top of the cake with fine sifted sugar, and a mere sprinkling of cold water, and place on the top two slices of citron peel cut as thin as possible about one inch wide and three long. Bake in a moderate oven for an hour or longer. During the baking the cake should puff up a little, and show a good long crack in the centre; and so long as this crack looks moist the cake is not considered sufficiently baked.

A Madeira cake made as above but without the citron peel, may be ornamented with icing to serve up at luncheon. For this purpose the mixture should be baked in a round plain tin. When baked and quite cold, cut a thin slice from off the top to make the cake level. With a sharp knife cut the whole cake into slices, spread them with apricot or other jam, and place them upon the top of each other as they were before being cut, that the cake may assume its previous form. Now cover the cake with icing, flavored with lemon, and made with both the yolk and the white of egg, so that the icing may have a yellow tinge. Before the icing gets set stamp out from the slice of cake which you put aside a few small leaves or diamond-shaped pieces, and place these neatly round the outer edge.

The icing may be made by simply beating in the egg say, one half a pound of icing sugar, and half teaspoonful of essence of lemon, until the mixture is stiff, using a wooden spoon for the beating.

Sultana Squares.—These cakes are very light, and therefore specially suitable for an invalid, and no butter being required they are also economical. Take four fresh eggs, five ozs. of toasted flour, 4 ozs. of pounded and sifted sugar, and 3 ozs. of picked sultana raisins. Line a flat square tin with buttered paper to have in readiness. Put the sugar and eggs in a basin, and whisk them up with an egg for fully twenty minutes. Mix the raisins with the flour, and add them gradually to the eggs stirring gently all the time. Pour the mixture into the tin, and at once put into a very hot oven and bake not more than fifteen minutes. When done the cakes should be turned out on to a damp towel, or sheet of paper sprinkled with powdered sugar. Turn over again on to another sheet of paper without sugar, the original top side will then be upmost, and then with a large knife cut the cake into pieces 2 inches square.

Rice Cake.—Put into a basin six eggs. ½ lb. of sifted sugar, and ½ of rice flour. With a wooden spoon beat all together till very light (half an hour); add a few drops of essence of lemon, pour into papered hoop, and bake an hour in a moderate oven.

THE BEST THINGS.—The best things that we hope for are those which are most largely within our own power. We may not be able to foretell whether during the year the crops will have favorable weather, we may not know whether the particular business interests in which we are engaged will prosper or languish, but we do know that whatever industry or energy, discretion or wisdom we put into them will bear abundant results. We cannot tell certainly whether uninterrupted health and peace will reign in our households, but we know that it will depend largely upon our obedience to the laws of the body and our faithful and loving care of and influence over those near and dear to us. We do not know the details of our social life, what friends we may lose or gain, yet we know that faithfulness, loyalty, and unselfishness on our part will ensure to us pure and happy social relations.

Confidential Correspondents.

POLWYN.—Ethics is the doctrine of manners, or science of philosophy, which teaches men their duty and the springs and principles of human conduct.

RANSOM.—The pay of private soldiers in the United States Army runs from $13 a month and rations for the first two years, to $21 a month and rations after twenty years service.

JACK.—"The War of the Roses" were the civil wars of the English houses of York and Lancaster, the former of which had a white rose and the latter a red rose for its badge.

DOLORES.—Drinking much vinegar would have the effect of making you look sallow and ill; it certainly would not improve your appearance, and it would injure your health, besides being a nasty habit.

ABERDEEN.—You should tell the stern parent that, having won his daughter's love, you hope to win his consent to your union with her, and then show him what are your means and what are your expectations of being able to keep her in comfort.

HOPEFUL.—We can give you no other advice than to follow any course which suggests itself to you as likely to please the tastes of the ladies, and to be consistently and uniformly amiable. Ladies' favors do not always follow the possession of wealth, good looks, etc., but are given sometimes capriciously.

BUTTERMILK.—Marine shells are cleaned by rubbing with a rag dipped in common hydrochloric acid till the outer dull skin is removed, washing in warm water, drying in hot sawdust, and polishing with chamois leather; shells which have no natural polished surface may be varnished with copal varnish.

SISTER.—We cannot say we have faith in Platonic friendships. Your own feelings and sense of honor will tell you what course to pursue, and what visits to make and receive. If this is not flirtation, it comes very near it, and the greatest care will have to be taken to avoid misunderstandings as to the nature of the friendship.

VIOLET.—It is undeniable that persons of a weakly and highly nervous temperament—women, generally—can be influenced by people of stronger will; but as for the utter subordination of the will of one person to that of another while in a somnambulent state, no man, or woman either, could be mesmerised against his or her will; it is only when the patient decides to yield to the influence that it succeeds.

J. E. F.—Stone is usually polished by rubbing the desired specimen with a piece of fine sandstone—but in the case of granite something harder is used—backwards and forwards, using very fine sand and water until the surface of the slab appears rough, but not in scratches. Next use finer sand and finer stone; then with a piece of felt rub with fine emery powder until smooth. Polish with putty powder, used on clean rags.

TYLER.—The climate of California is genial and salubrious; the soil rich and fertile. The conditions are about as favorable, probably, for small farming as they could well be. But we could not advise you and your husband to go there with that view unless you know something of farming. If it is your intention to start a poultry farm, experience is still more essential. The popular notion to the contrary is a delusion, and accounts for the large proportion of failures in such enterprises.

BESSIE L.—If a girl of nineteen and a man of thirty-five love each other, and are suited to one another, the difference in their ages is no reason why they should not marry. Eleven o'clock P. M. is not an unreasonably late hour for an accepted lover to stay who is visiting his betrothed. Being engaged does make a difference in such matters. If the lover objects to his betrothed dancing round dances, it would be advisable for her to give up either him or the dancing. A pair of lovers, or a married pair, that cannot cordially agree about such a matter are doomed to unhappiness.

PECULIAR.—We cannot better explain it than by appealing to you own observations. You may frequently notice when singing or whistling in a room, when one particular note is sounded, a kind of response from one of the globes or glasses, or, as in the instance you mention, of the metal lids ringing when a note was sounded, and a thin bell-glass has been known to be broken by a singer's voice. These effects are due to what is termed "sympathetic vibration," and is owing to the vibrations caused by the sound given being those to which the object most readily responds; in fact, coinciding with the number of vibrations given by that particular object when it is struck or caused to sound; thus the successive shocks impinging upon it, that body eventually becomes disturbed and vibrates in unison. So it is almost impossible to judge the quality of the tone of a piano in a room with several others, a fact which is often overlooked by the purchaser, who is disappointed when he receives his instrument, forgetting that the tone he heard at the store was augmented by the sympathetic vibrations of many others.

ALGID.—The French Legion of Honor was established in 1802 by Bonaparte, then Consul. The Orders of Knighthood of the old monarchy had been abolished eleven years before as inconsistent with the principle of equality, but a military decoration had already sprung up, the holders of which formed the nucleus of the new Legion. The ceremony of admission formerly included the touch of the sword, like the old Orders of Knighthood, but this vestige of chivalry has disappeared. Two members of the Legion, one of higher rank than that which is to be conferred, now wait upon the neophyte, read him the degree, receive his declaration of loyalty, and kiss him. Foreigners, being really only honorary members, are exempt from this ceremony, and may receive the cross through their ambassador. While the ribbon indicates that a man is a chevalier, his cross being worn merely on great occasions, a small rosette in the button hole is the everyday badge of all the superior grades. For military men the nomination is not a barren honor. The Grand Cross receives $600 a year; the Grand Officer, $400; the Commander, $200; the Officer, $120 or $160; and the Knight $70 or $80. But the Legion of Honor is not coveted for its material advantages. It is an aristocracy—an aristocracy partly of merit, partly of favor. The humblest policeman is more deferential to those wearing the ribbon than to those without it. Expulsion from the Legion for fraud or unbecoming conduct is the greatest stigma which a Frenchman can undergo.